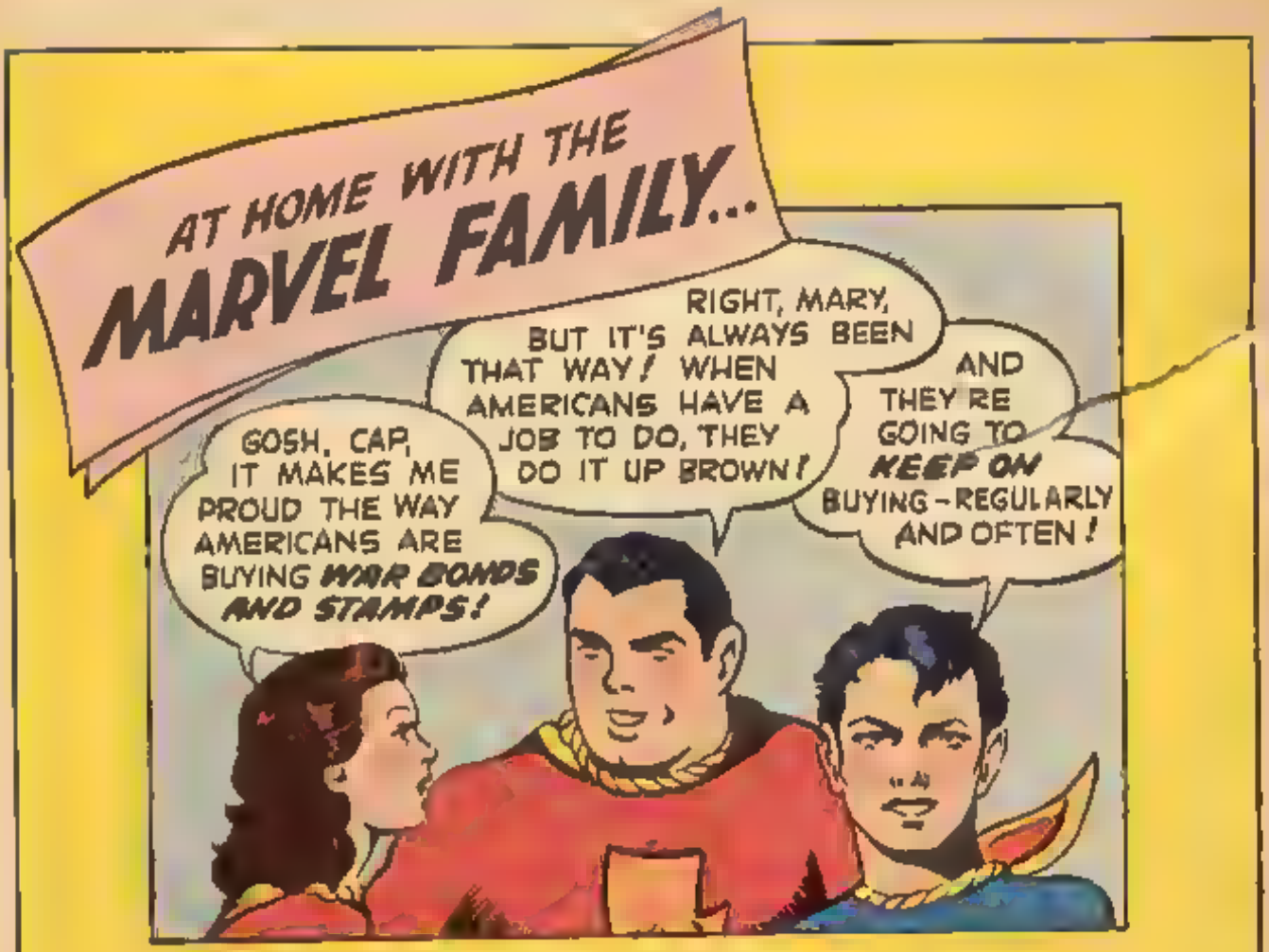
WOW COMICS

10¢

JANUARY

NO. 21

THE WORD THAT SHOOK THE WORLD! WATCH MARY MARVEL SAY "SHAZAM"!



THAT'S RIGHT! THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT

U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR SHARE THIS WEEK?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Wow Comics, published monthly at Buffalo, N. Y.

for October, 1942.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Wow Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Stanley Kaufman, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, New Haven, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Stamford, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Mrs. Gordon Fawcett, Stamford, Conn.; M. H. Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn.; H. L. Fawcett, Los Angeles, Calif.; W. H. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; M. P. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; Thomas Fawcett Trust, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. L. Buckley, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Mrs. Rea Doherty, Seattle, Wash.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October 1942.

[Seal] LILLIAN M. BUCKLEY
Notary Public
My commission expires February 1, 1943.

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Fawcett Publications, Inc., is happy to have the co-operation of these advisors whose names are known to every parent and child

W H Fawcett, Jr
PRESIDENT

January, 1944 Vol 4, No 21
WOW COMICS SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR $1.00 IN U S AND POSSESSIONS

MARY MARVEL CRUSHES THE REVOLT OF THE PLANTS!

WHEN I TOOK A GROUP OF CHILDREN TO THE WOODS FOR A DAY OF FUN IT STARTED AS A GOOD DEED--BUT ENDED AS A GRAVE DANGER! WHO WOULD THINK A MERE STORY--A **LEGEND**--COULD COME TRUE? WHO WOULD EXPECT A FANTASTIC SMOKE DEMON TO APPEAR, AND START A REVOLT OF PLANTS IN THE DREAD BLACK WOODS? BUT LUCKILY, THE ONE THING I COULD DEPEND ON WAS THE HELP OF **MARY MARVEL** WHO IS A "LEGEND" ALL OF HER OWN, THAT ALSO COMES TRUE!

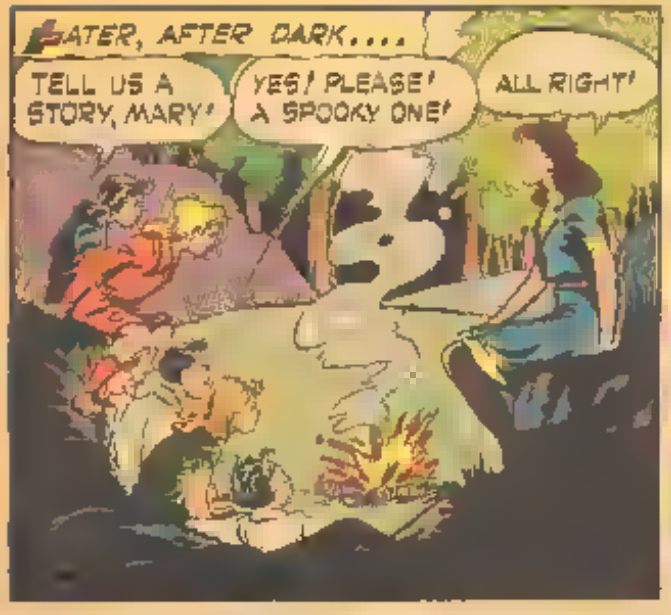
SIGNED-- Mary Batson

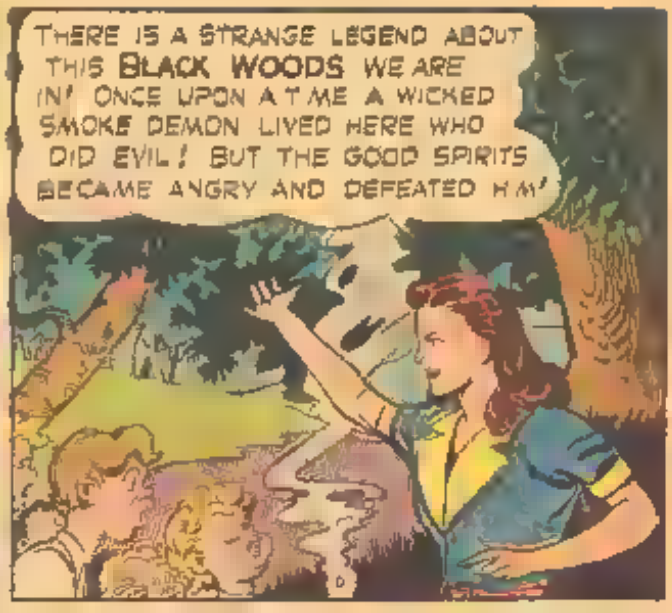
AMONG MARY BATSON'S MANY SOCIAL ACTIVITIES IS HER SCOUT CLUB, FOR YOUNG BOYS AND GIRLS TO TEACH THEM WOODCRAFT!

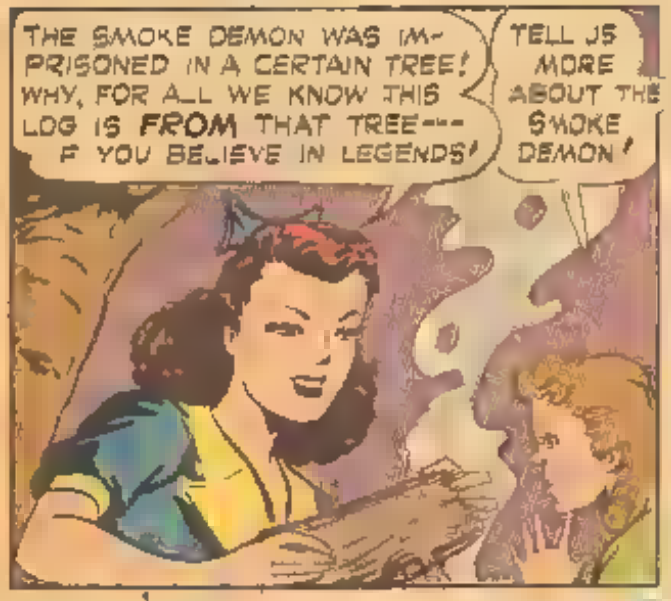
CAN WE HAVE A CAMP FIRE TONIGHT MARY?

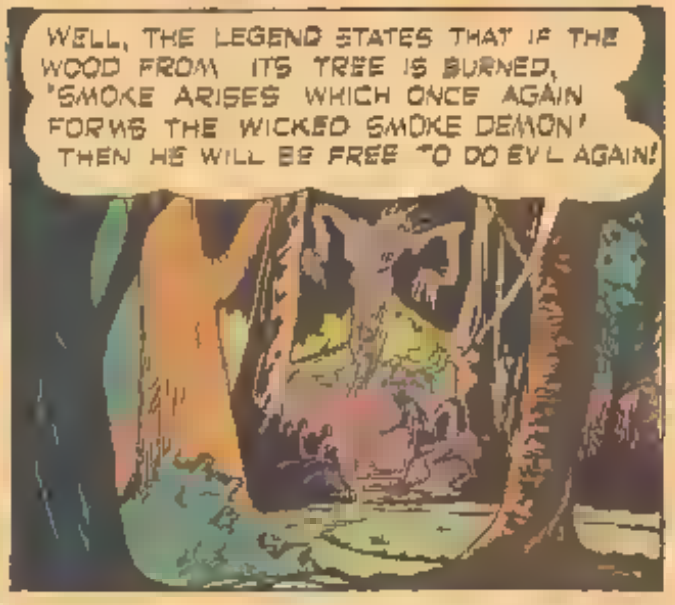
YES CHILDREN! AS SOON AS IT'S DARK!

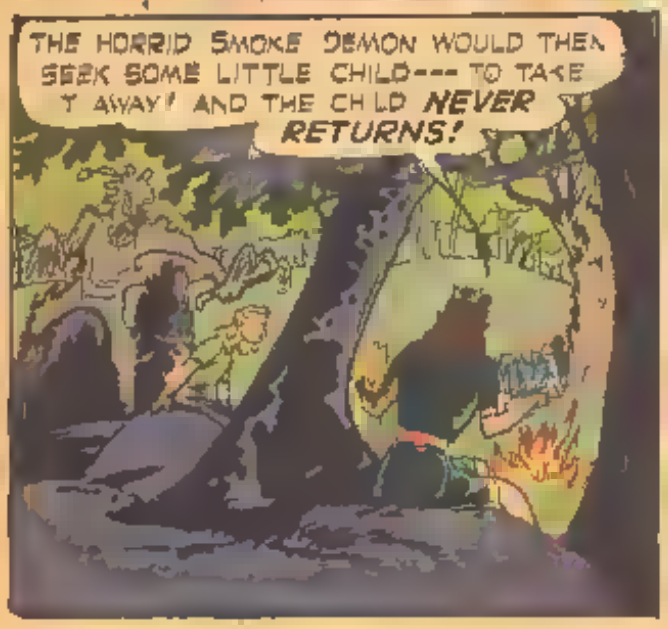
JACK SINDER

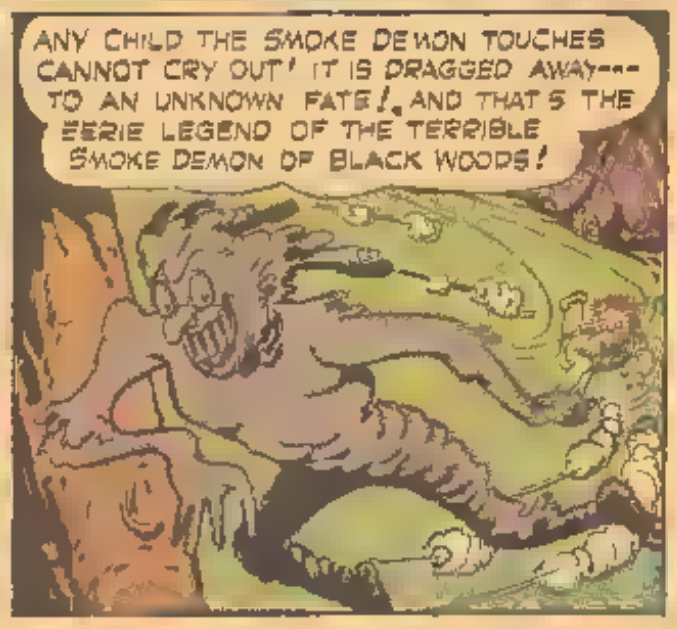

LATER, AFTER DARK....
TELL US A STORY, MARY!
YES! PLEASE! A SPOOKY ONE!
ALL RIGHT!


THERE IS A STRANGE LEGEND ABOUT THIS BLACK WOODS WE ARE IN! ONCE UPON A TIME A WICKED SMOKE DEMON LIVED HERE WHO DID EVIL! BUT THE GOOD SPIRITS BECAME ANGRY AND DEFEATED HIM!

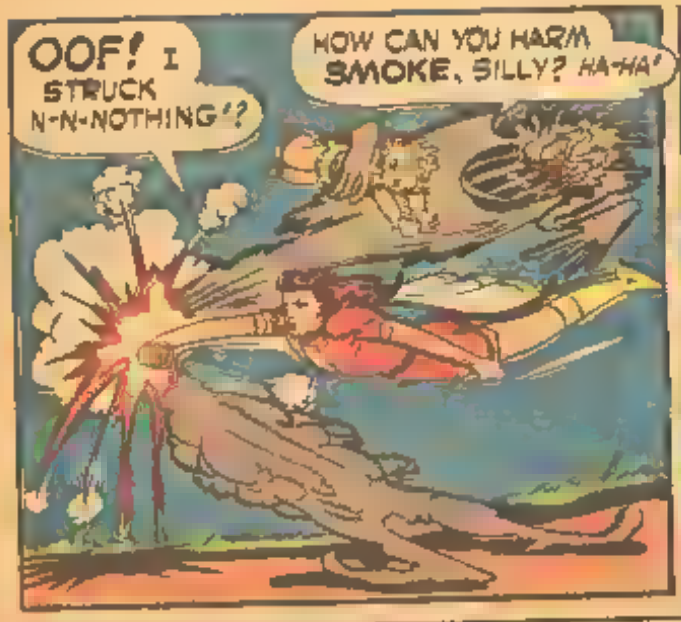

THE SMOKE DEMON WAS IMPRISONED IN A CERTAIN TREE! WHY, FOR ALL WE KNOW THIS LOG IS FROM THAT TREE--- IF YOU BELIEVE IN LEGENDS!
TELL US MORE ABOUT THE SMOKE DEMON!

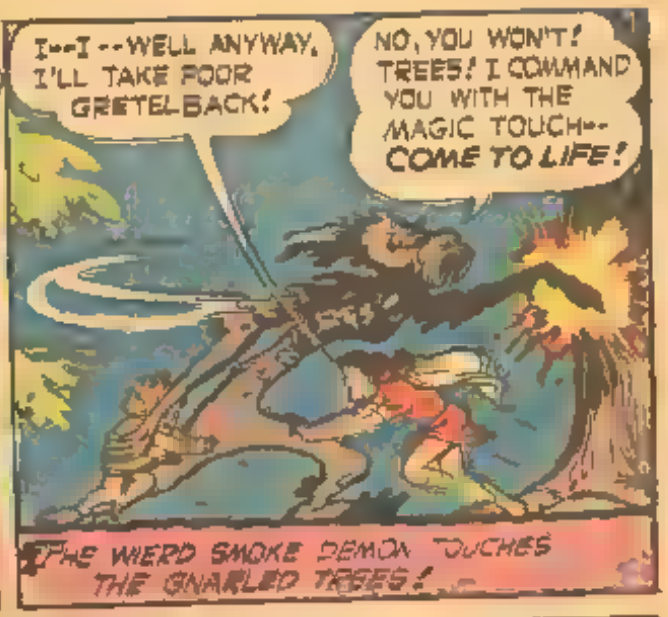

WELL, THE LEGEND STATES THAT IF THE WOOD FROM ITS TREE IS BURNED, 'SMOKE ARISES WHICH ONCE AGAIN FORMS THE WICKED SMOKE DEMON' THEN HE WILL BE FREE TO DO EVIL AGAIN!

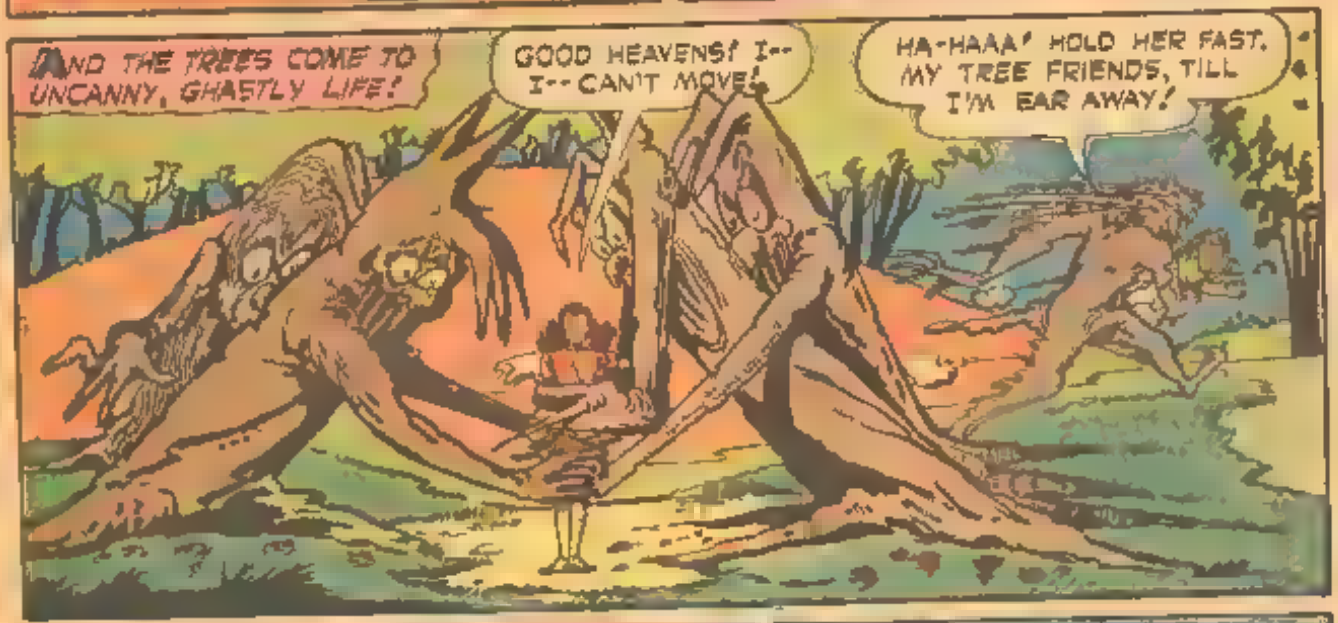

THE HORRID SMOKE DEMON WOULD THEN SEEK SOME LITTLE CHILD--- TO TAKE IT AWAY! AND THE CHILD NEVER RETURNS!

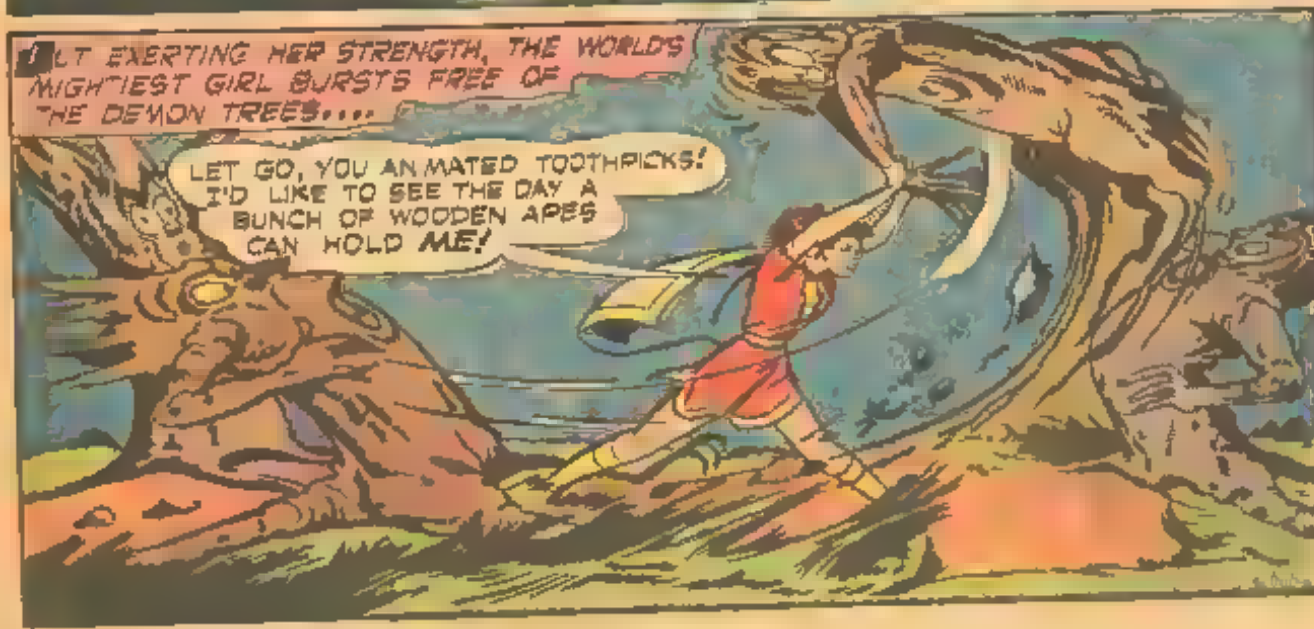

ANY CHILD THE SMOKE DEMON TOUCHES CANNOT CRY OUT! IT IS DRAGGED AWAY--- TO AN UNKNOWN FATE! AND THAT'S THE EERIE LEGEND OF THE TERRIBLE SMOKE DEMON OF BLACK WOODS!

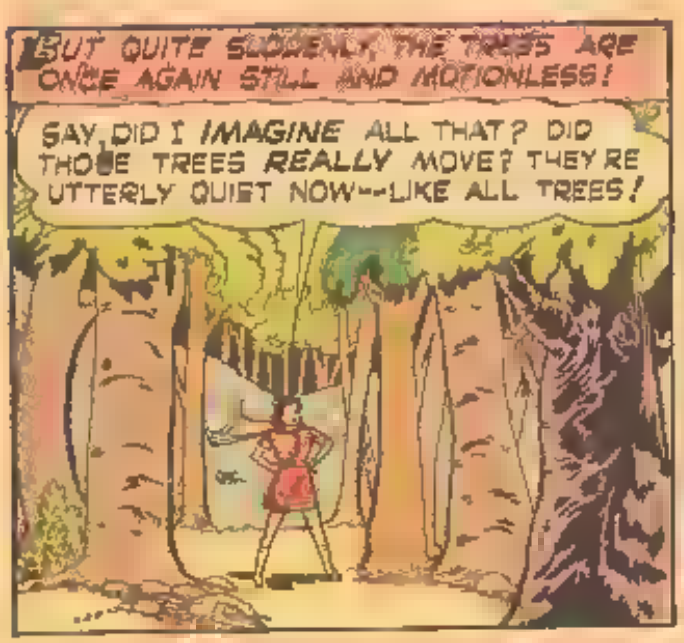
THAT'S ALL, CHILDREN, DON'T LOOK SO HORRIFED! AFTER ALL IT WAS ONLY A STORY!
BUT, MARY LOOK! LITTLE GRETEL IS GONE!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! GRETEL JUST PROBABLY WANDERED OFF A LITTLE WAYS---!
NO LOOK! TH-THE SMOKE DEMON! --RUNNING AWAY WITH GRETEL!
SMOKE DEMON! WHY THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT SOMEONE IS TAKING GRETEL AWAY SO SHAZAM!
THE MAGIC WORD "SHAZAM" BRINGS DOWN THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.
--AND MARY MARVEL APPEARS!
BOM!
WHOEVER YOU ARE, DRESSED UP LIKE THAT, I'LL STOP YOU!
FOOLISH ONE! DO YOU DARE CHALLENGE THE SMOKE DEMON?
SMOKE DEMON--BAH! YOU'RE JUST SOME RAT DRESSED LIKE THAT! I'LL UNMASK YOU!

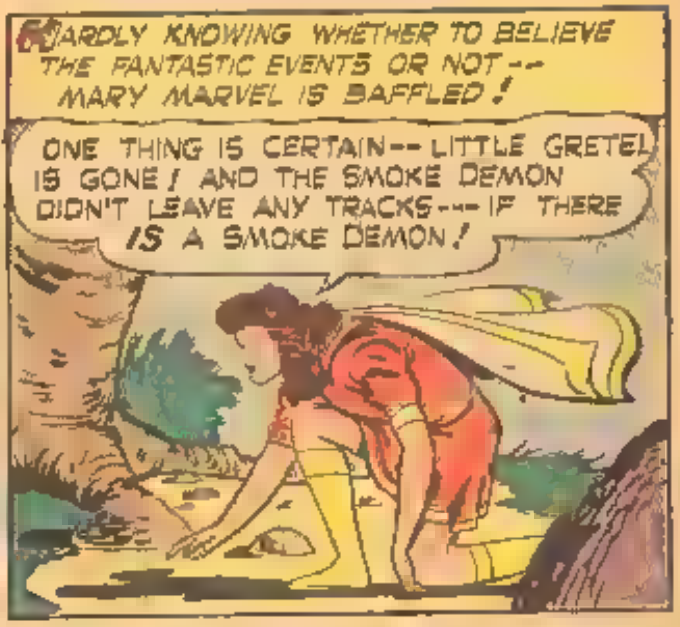

OOF! I STRUCK N-N-NOTHING!?
HOW CAN YOU HARM SMOKE, SILLY? HA-HA!

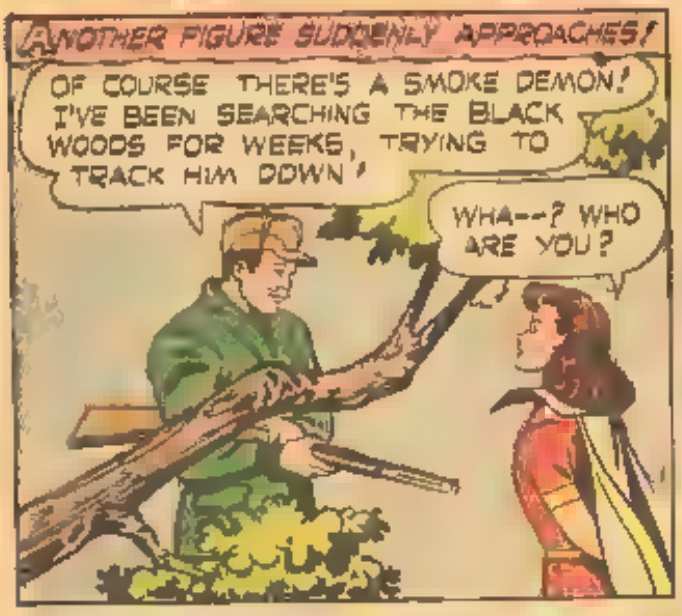

I--I--WELL ANYWAY, I'LL TAKE POOR GRETEL BACK!
NO, YOU WON'T! TREES! I COMMAND YOU WITH THE MAGIC TOUCH-- COME TO LIFE!
THE WIERD SMOKE DEMON TOUCHES THE GNARLED TREES!

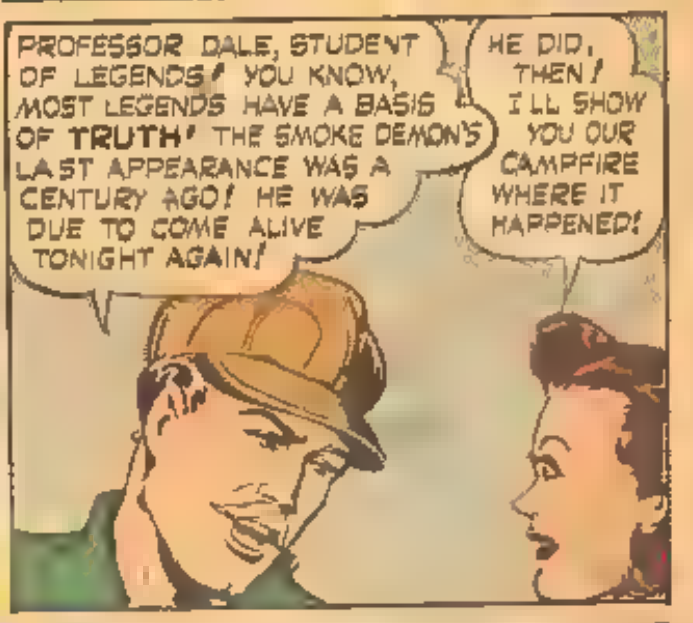

AND THE TREES COME TO UNCANNY, GHASTLY LIFE!
GOOD HEAVENS! I-- I--CAN'T MOVE!
HA-HAAA! HOLD HER FAST, MY TREE FRIENDS, TILL I'M FAR AWAY!

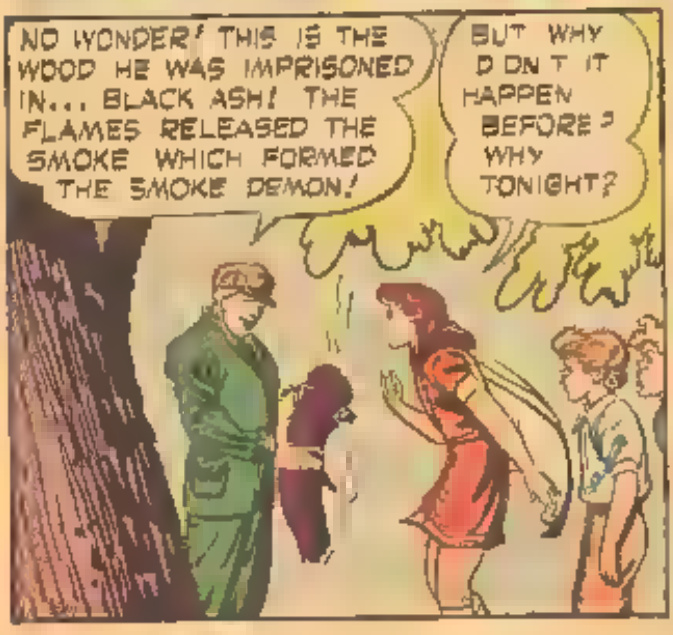

BUT EXERTING HER STRENGTH, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST GIRL BURSTS FREE OF THE DEMON TREES....
LET GO, YOU ANIMATED TOOTHPICKS! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE DAY A BUNCH OF WOODEN APES CAN HOLD ME!

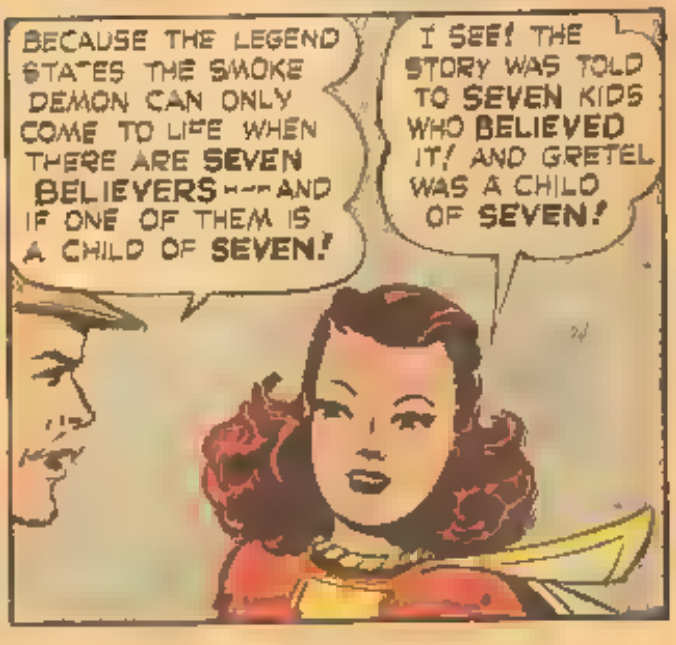

BUT QUITE SUDDENLY, THE TREES ARE ONCE AGAIN STILL AND MOTIONLESS!
SAY, DID I IMAGINE ALL THAT? DID THOSE TREES REALLY MOVE? THEY'RE UTTERLY QUIET NOW--LIKE ALL TREES!

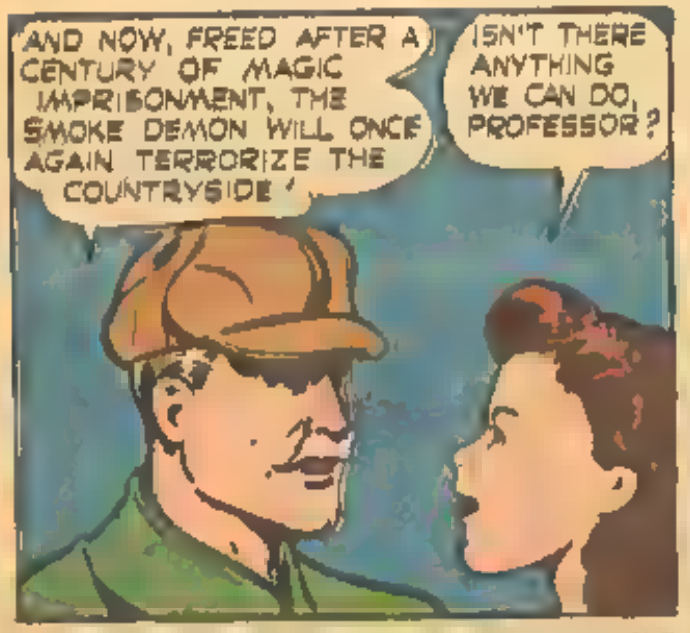

HARDLY KNOWING WHETHER TO BELIEVE THE FANTASTIC EVENTS OR NOT -- MARY MARVEL IS BAFFLED!
ONE THING IS CERTAIN -- LITTLE GRETEL IS GONE! AND THE SMOKE DEMON DIDN'T LEAVE ANY TRACKS --- IF THERE IS A SMOKE DEMON!

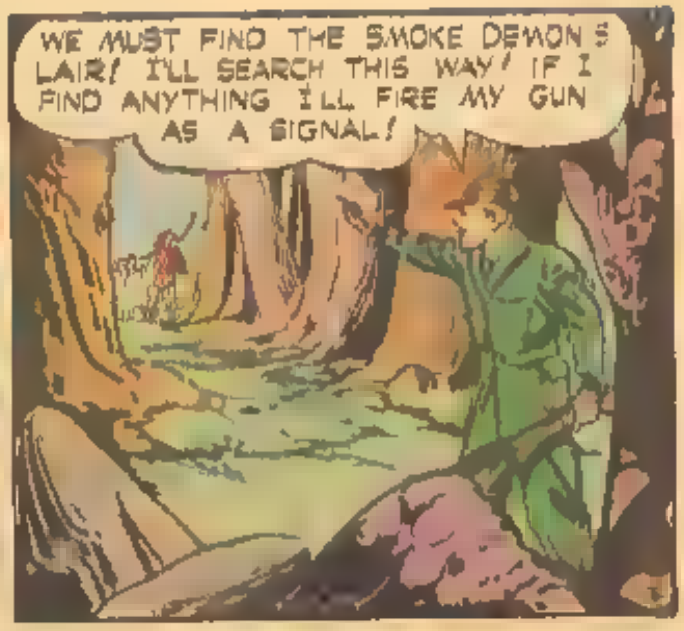

ANOTHER FIGURE SUDDENLY APPROACHES!
OF COURSE THERE'S A SMOKE DEMON! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE BLACK WOODS FOR WEEKS, TRYING TO TRACK HIM DOWN!
WHA--? WHO ARE YOU?

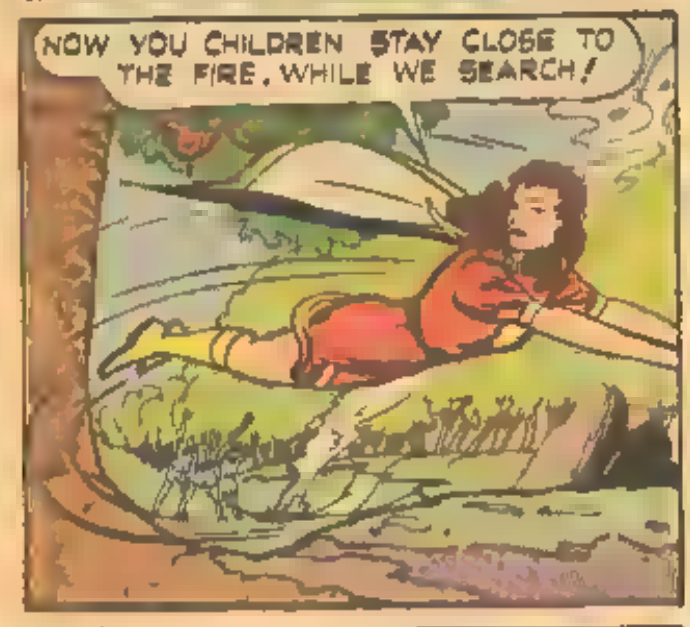

PROFESSOR DALE, STUDENT OF LEGENDS! YOU KNOW, MOST LEGENDS HAVE A BASIS OF TRUTH! THE SMOKE DEMON'S LAST APPEARANCE WAS A CENTURY AGO! HE WAS DUE TO COME ALIVE TONIGHT AGAIN!
HE DID, THEN! I'LL SHOW YOU OUR CAMPFIRE WHERE IT HAPPENED!

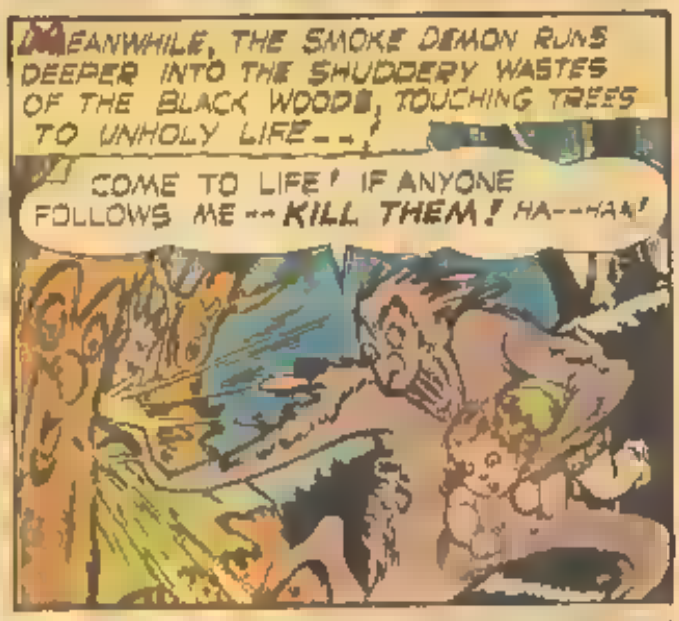

NO WONDER! THIS IS THE WOOD HE WAS IMPRISONED IN... BLACK ASH! THE FLAMES RELEASED THE SMOKE WHICH FORMED THE SMOKE DEMON!
BUT WHY DIDN'T IT HAPPEN BEFORE? WHY TONIGHT?


BECAUSE THE LEGEND STATES THE SMOKE DEMON CAN ONLY COME TO LIFE WHEN THERE ARE SEVEN BELIEVERS --- AND IF ONE OF THEM IS A CHILD OF SEVEN!
I SEE! THE STORY WAS TOLD TO SEVEN KIDS WHO BELIEVED IT! AND GRETEL WAS A CHILD OF SEVEN!

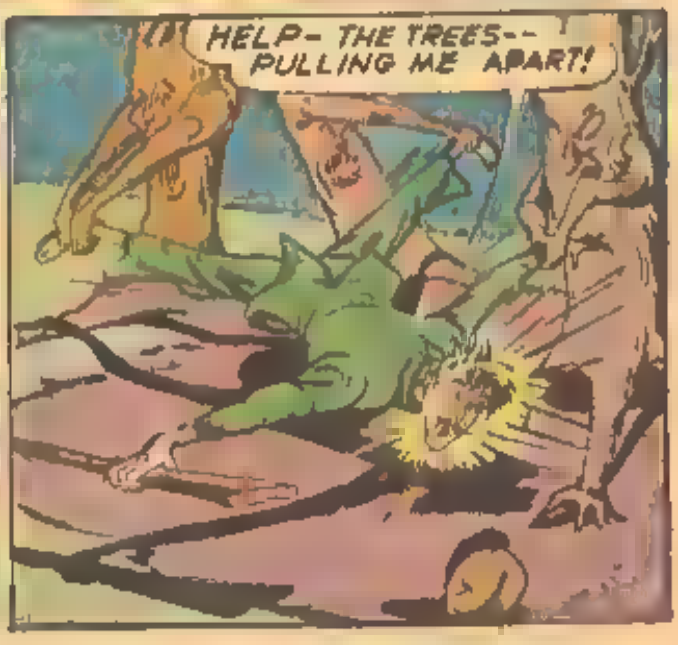

AND NOW, FREED AFTER A CENTURY OF MAGIC IMPRISONMENT, THE SMOKE DEMON WILL ONCE AGAIN TERRORIZE THE COUNTRYSIDE!
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO, PROFESSOR?

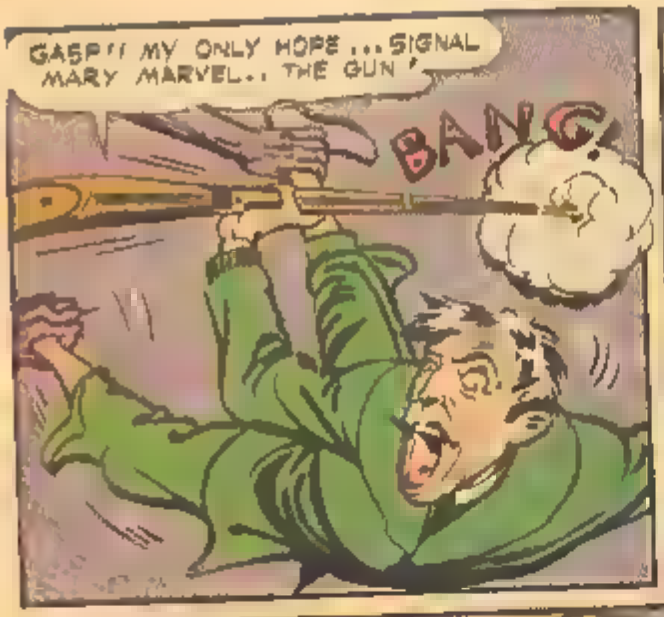

WE MUST FIND THE SMOKE DEMON'S LAIR! I'LL SEARCH THIS WAY! IF I FIND ANYTHING I'LL FIRE MY GUN AS A SIGNAL!


NOW YOU CHILDREN STAY CLOSE TO THE FIRE, WHILE WE SEARCH!

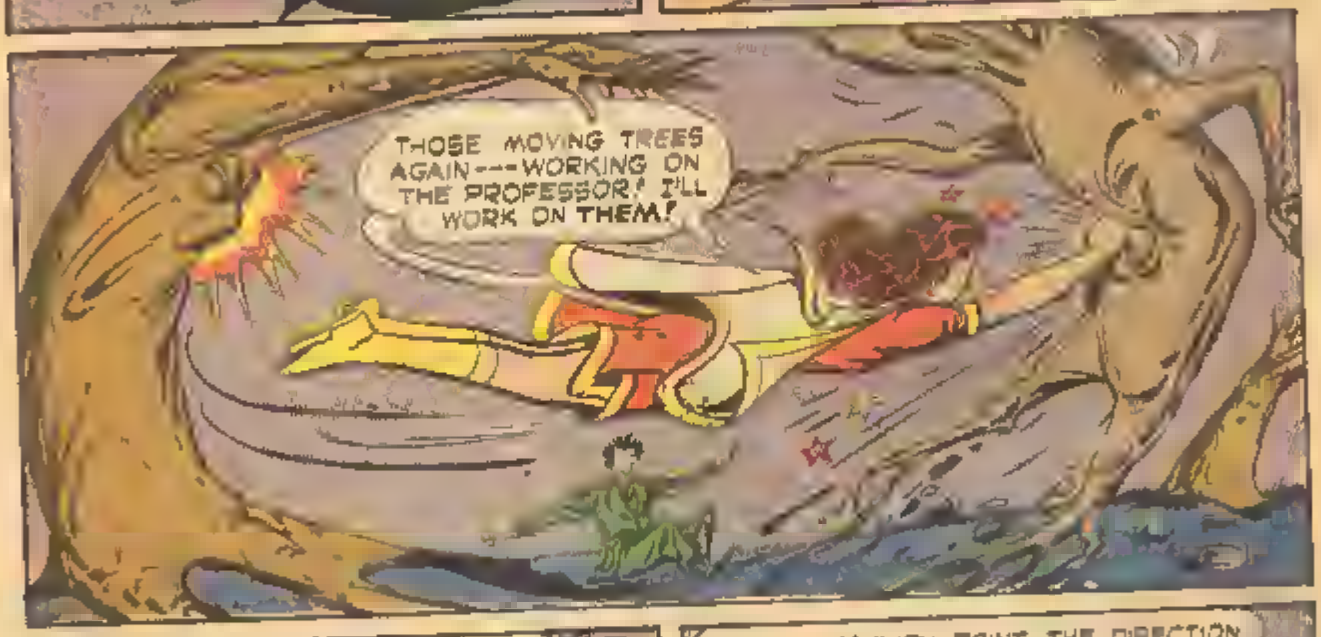

MEANWHILE, THE SMOKE DEMON RUNS DEEPER INTO THE SHUDDERY WASTES OF THE BLACK WOODS, TOUCHING TREES TO UNHOLY LIFE--!
COME TO LIFE! IF ANYONE FOLLOWS ME--KILL THEM! HA--HA!

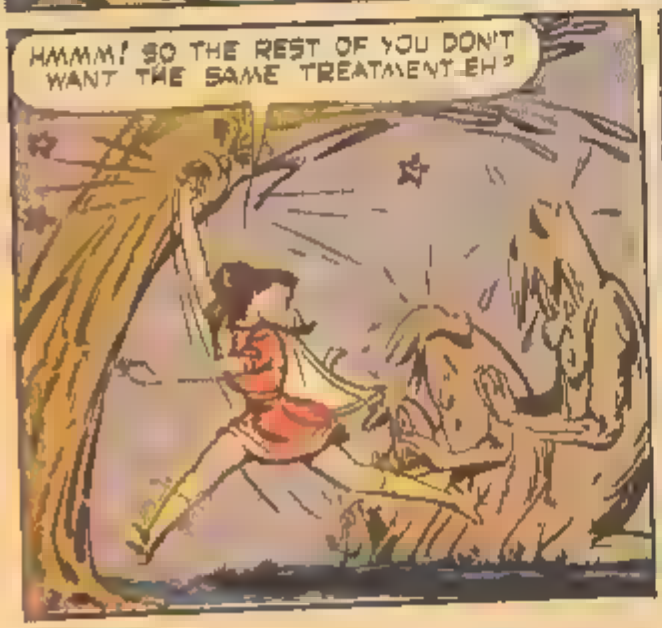
NOT A SOUND! NOTHING MOVING! THAT SMOKE DEMON IS GOING TO BE HARD TO TRACK!


HELP- THE TREES-- PULLING ME APART!

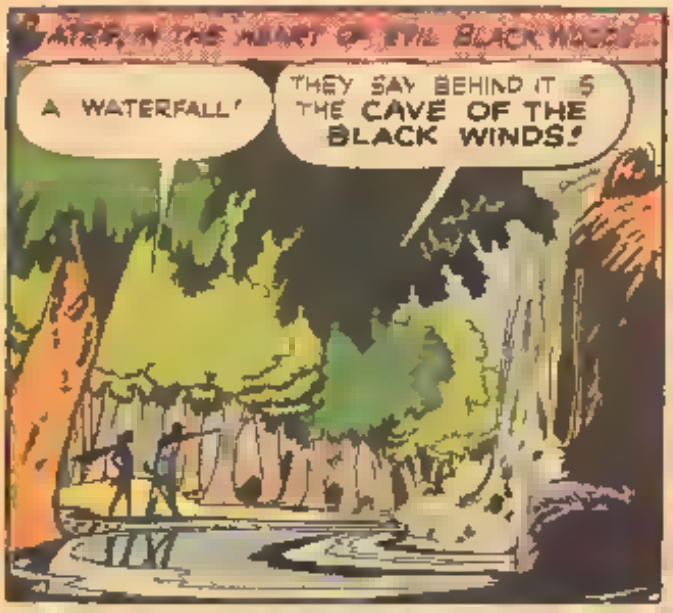

GASP!! MY ONLY HOPE ... SIGNAL MARY MARVEL.. THE GUN!
BANG!

THE PROFESSOR'S SIGNAL! HE'S FOUND SOMETHING!
BANG!

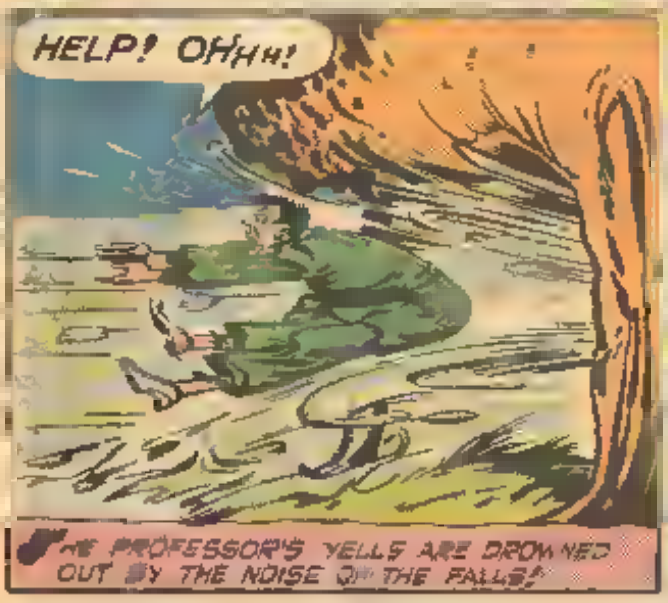

THOSE MOVING TREES AGAIN---WORKING ON THE PROFESSOR! I'LL WORK ON THEM!

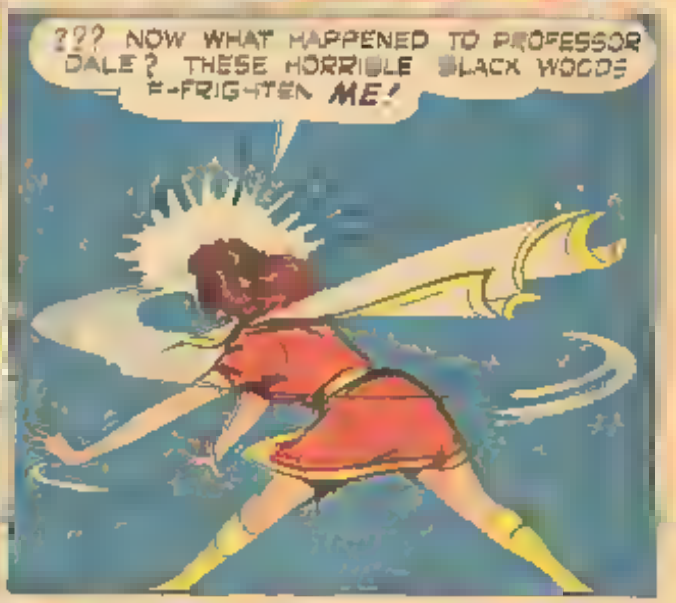

HMMM! SO THE REST OF YOU DON'T WANT THE SAME TREATMENT EH?

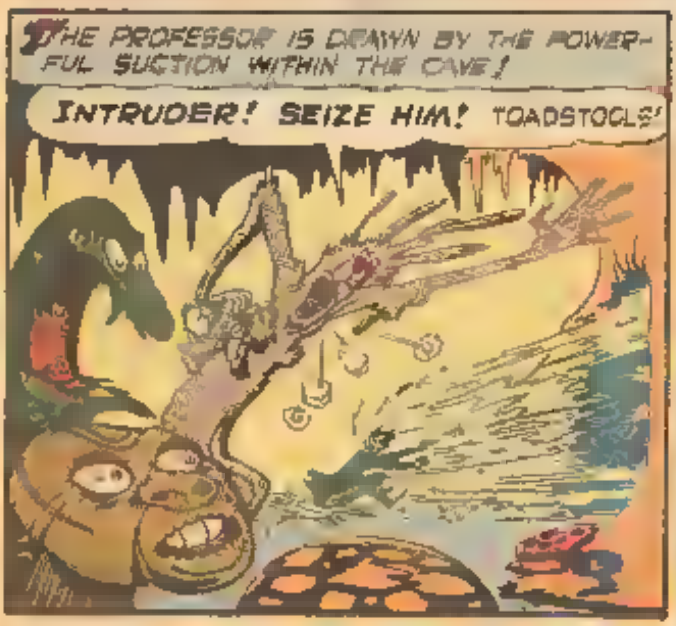
ALL RIGHT! THEN POINT THE DIRECTION WHERE SMOKE DEMON WENT!
GOOD FOR YOU, MARY, I'M ON MY WAY!

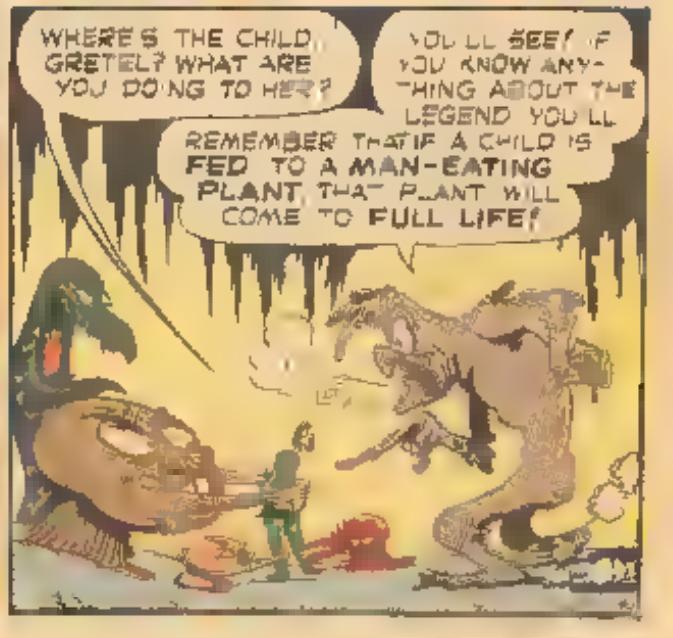

LATER, IN THE HEART OF EVIL BLACK WOODS...
A WATERFALL!
THEY SAY BEHIND IT IS THE CAVE OF THE BLACK WINDS!

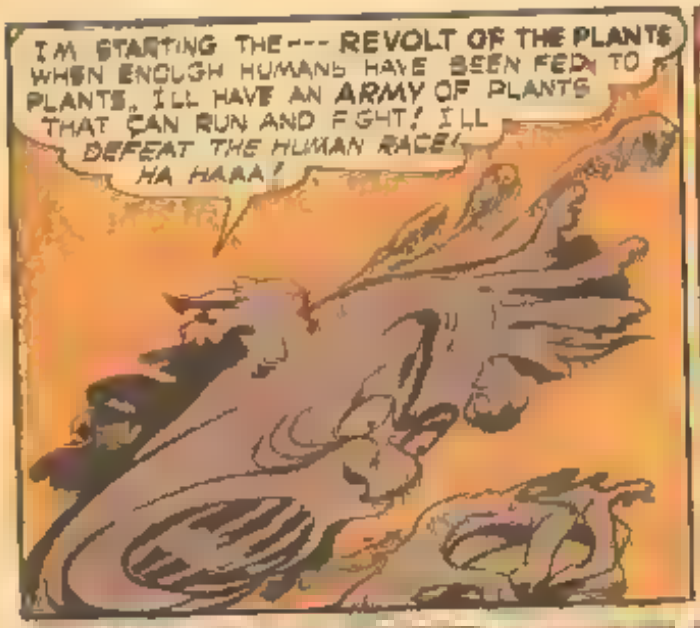
THE UNWARY VICTIM IS SUPPOSED TO BE CAUGHT BY A STRONG SUCTION AND... ULP!
ANY SIGN OF THE SMOKE DEMON?


HELP! OHHH!
THE PROFESSOR'S YELLS ARE DROWNED OUT BY THE NOISE OF THE FALLS!

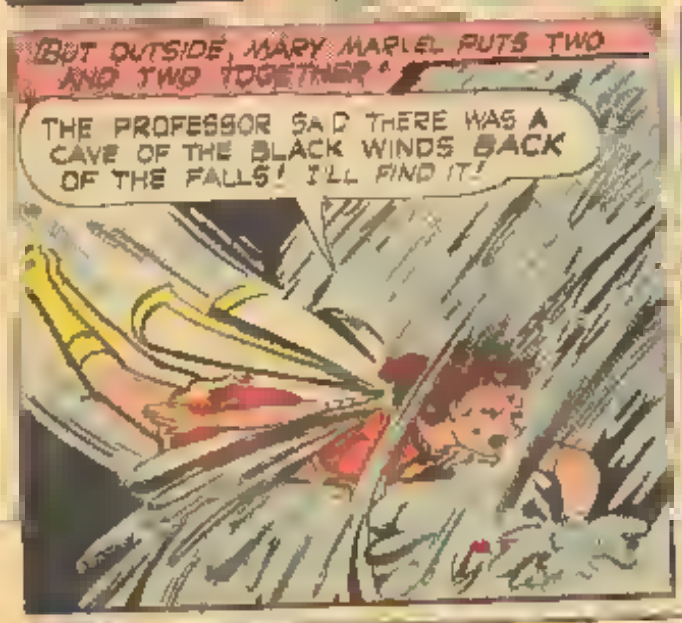

??? NOW WHAT HAPPENED TO PROFESSOR DALE? THESE HORRIBLE BLACK WOODS E-FRIGHTEN ME!

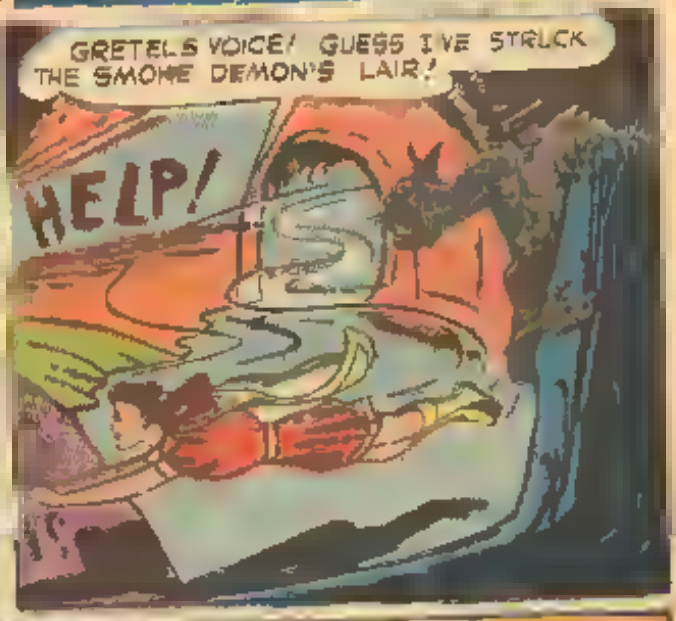

THE PROFESSOR IS DRAWN BY THE POWERFUL SUCTION WITHIN THE CAVE!
INTRUDER! SEIZE HIM! TOADSTOOLS!


WHERE'S THE CHILD, GRETEL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HER?
YOU'LL SEE! IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE LEGEND YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT IF A CHILD IS FED TO A MAN-EATING PLANT, THAT PLANT WILL COME TO FULL LIFE!

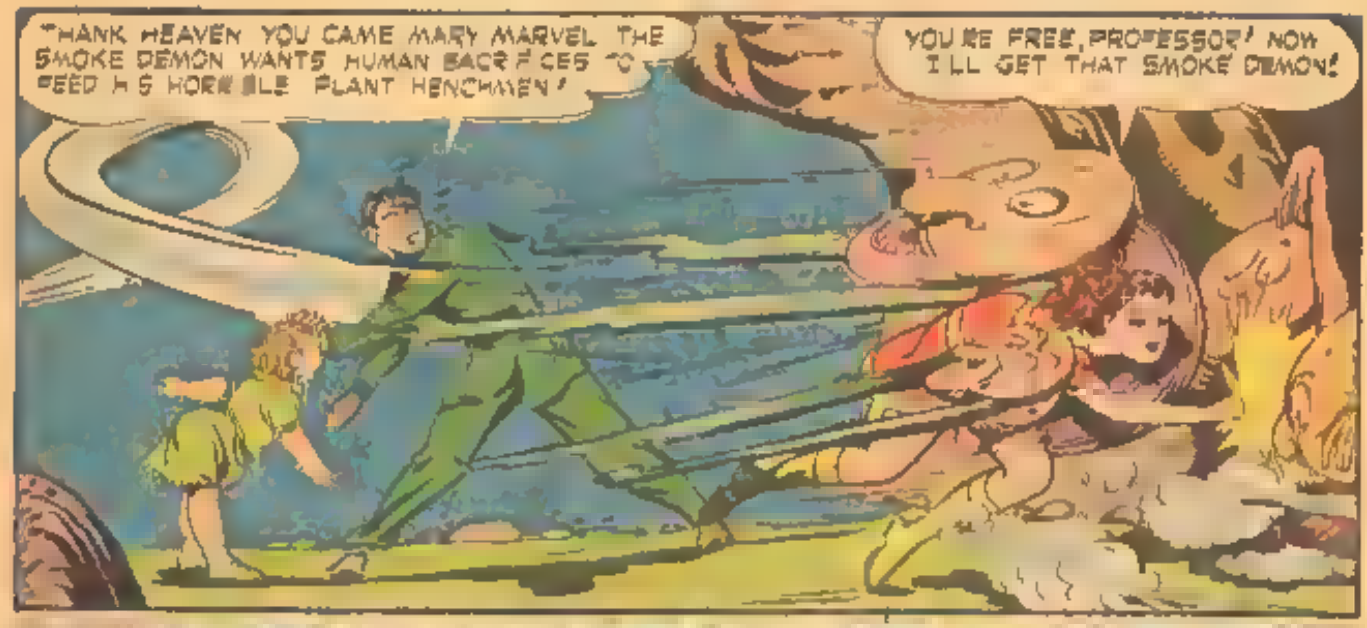

I'M STARTING THE--- REVOLT OF THE PLANTS WHEN ENOUGH HUMANS HAVE BEEN FED TO PLANTS, I'LL HAVE AN ARMY OF PLANTS THAT CAN RUN AND FIGHT! I'LL DEFEAT THE HUMAN RACE! HA HAAA!

FIRST GRETEL--TO THIS GIANT VENUS FLY-TRAP!
NO! YOU CAN'T!
OH!


BUT OUTSIDE, MARY MARVEL PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER:
THE PROFESSOR SAID THERE WAS A CAVE OF THE BLACK WINDS BACK OF THE FALLS! I'LL FIND IT!


GRETEL'S VOICE! GUESS I'VE STRUCK THE SMOKE DEMON'S LAIR!
HELP!

WHA---? THAT FLYING GIRL AGAIN! DRAT HER!


"THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME MARY MARVEL THE SMOKE DEMON WANTS HUMAN SACRIFICES TO FEED HIS HORRIBLE PLANT HENCHMEN!
YOU'RE FREE, PROFESSOR! NOW I'LL GET THAT SMOKE DEMON!

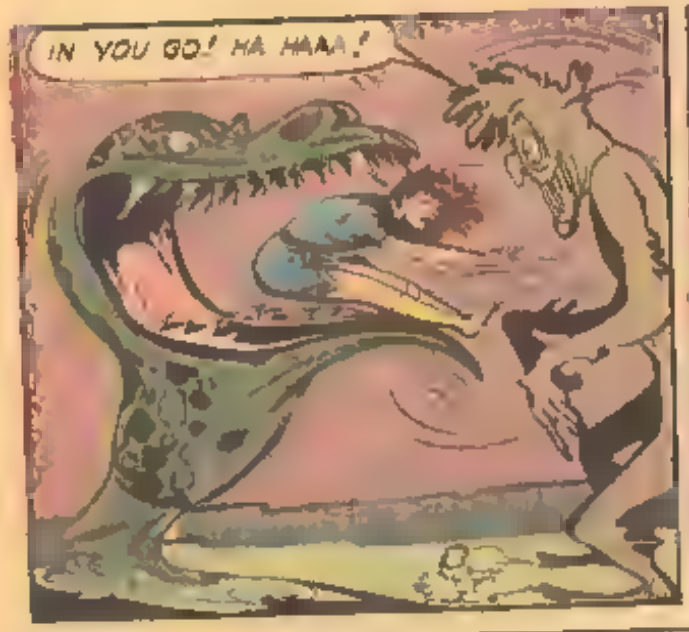
BUT--I--I CAN'T HOLD HIM!
HOW CAN YOU HOLD SMOKE, IDIOT? YOU CAN'T STOP ME! NOW I'LL GO AND CAPTURE THOSE OTHER CHILDREN!

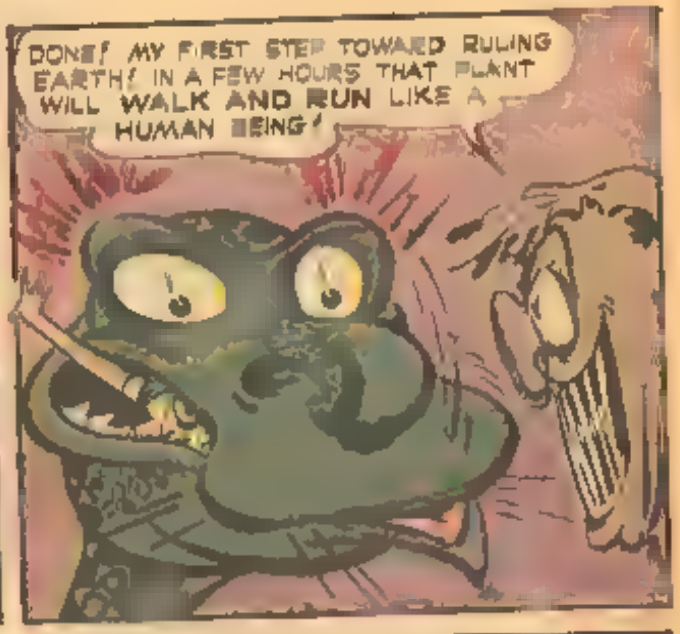
WAIT! IF YOU NEED A SACRIFICE, TAKE ME!
GOLLY! I'VE GOT TO GIVE THE PROFESSOR TIME TO GET THOSE OTHER KIDS TO SAFETY!
NO NOT YOU, MARY MARVEL! I'VE SEEN YOUR POWERS! YOU'D ONLY TEAR THE FLY-TRAP APART!

THEN I'LL SEND SOMEONE ELSE THAT YOU CAN USE ....
SHAZAM!

BOOM

I'M MARY BATSON! WILL I DO?
HAH! YES! YOU LOOK PERFECTLY NATURAL!
NOW I'LL SAVE THE OTHER CHILDREN!

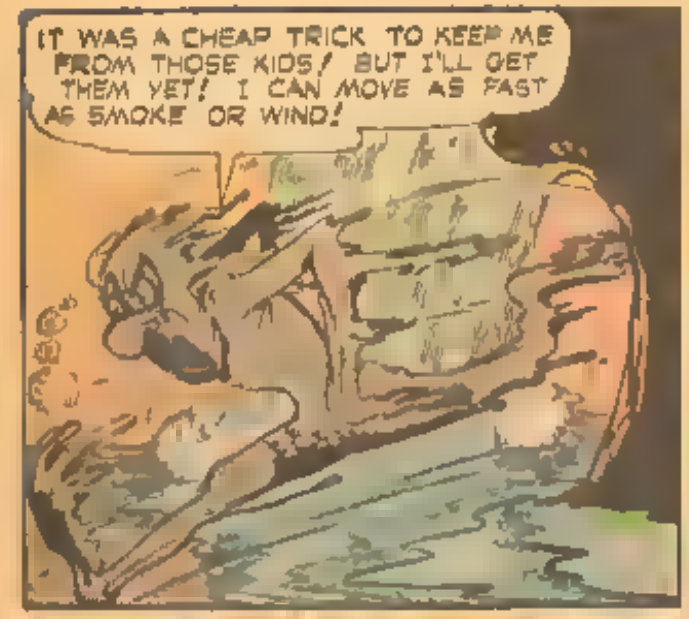

IN YOU GO! HA HAA!

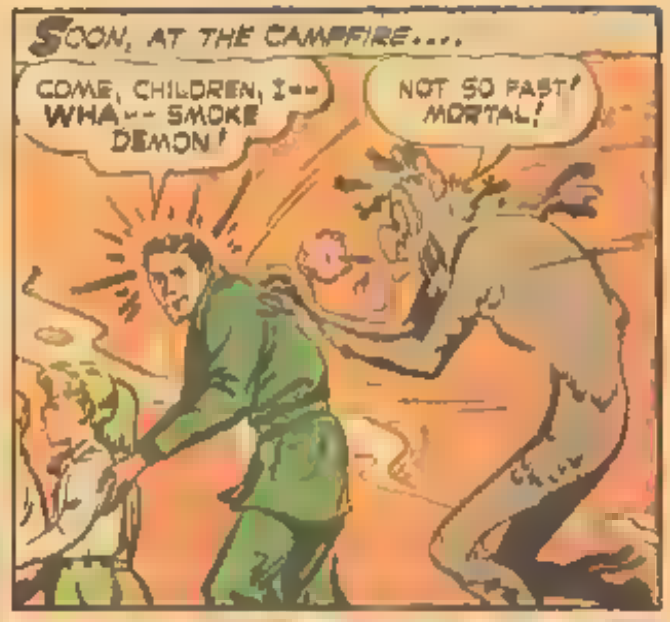

DONE! MY FIRST STEP TOWARD RULING EARTH! IN A FEW HOURS THAT PLANT WILL WALK AND RUN LIKE A HUMAN BEING!

I'VE GAINED ENOUGH TIME NOW, FOR THE PROFESSOR TO REACH THE CHILDREN! I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS CRAMPED PLACE, SO....

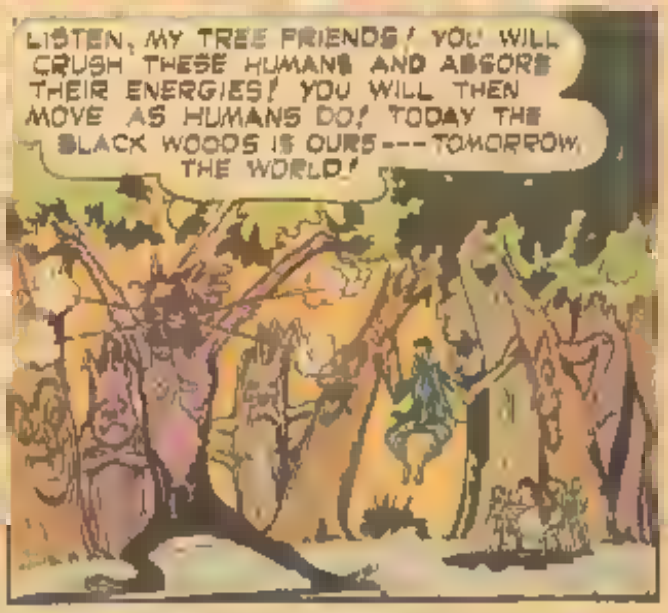
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
SHA

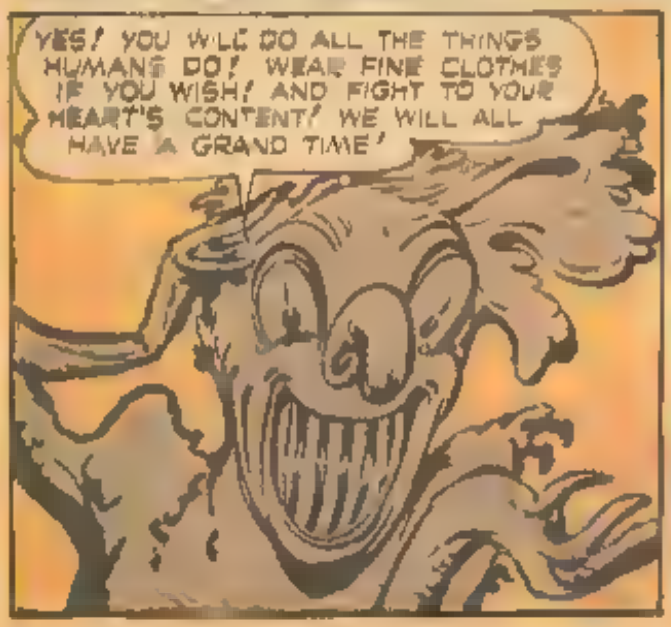
CURSES! MARY MARVEL AGAIN!

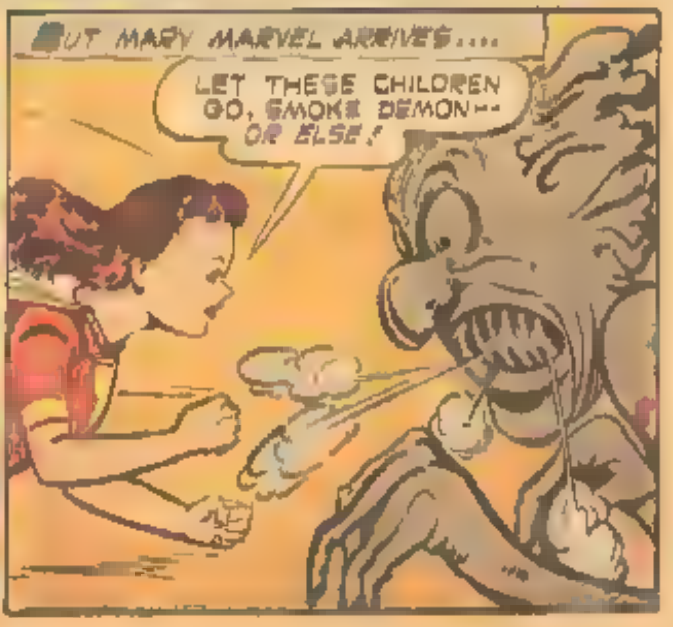

IT WAS A CHEAP TRICK TO KEEP ME FROM THOSE KIDS! BUT I'LL GET THEM YET! I CAN MOVE AS FAST AS SMOKE OR WIND!

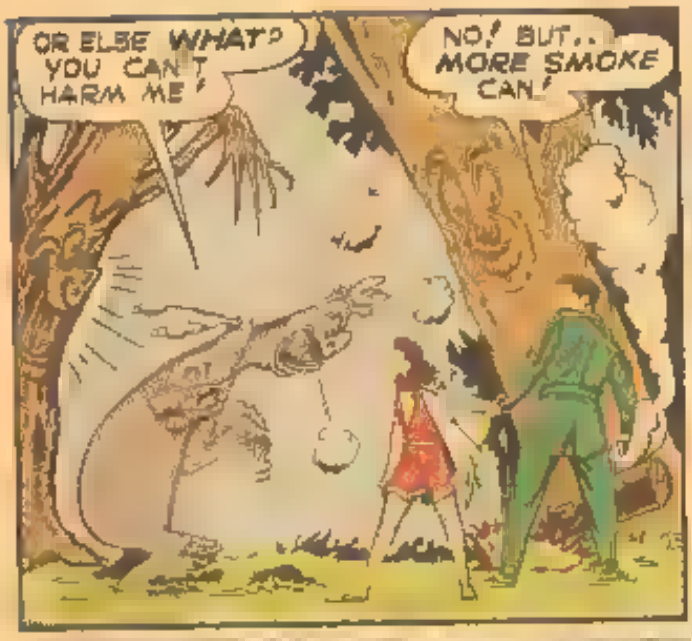

SOON, AT THE CAMPFIRE....
COME, CHILDREN, I-- WHA-- SMOKE DEMON!
NOT SO FAST! MORTAL!

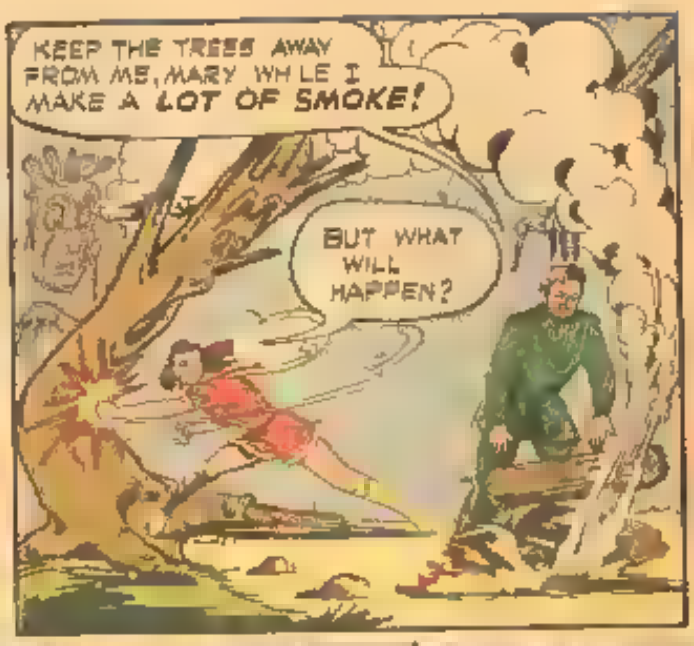
COME TO LIFE, TREE! CHOKE THAT IDIOT TO DEATH!

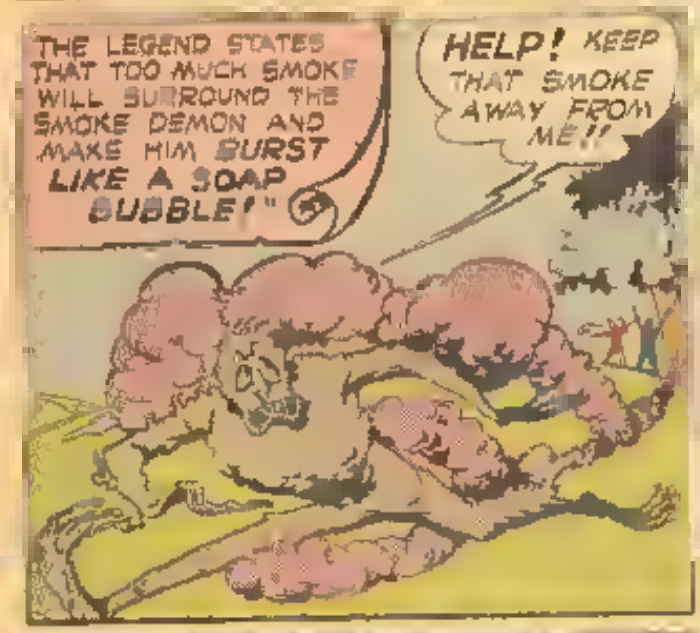

LISTEN, MY TREE FRIENDS! YOU WILL CRUSH THESE HUMANS AND ABSORB THEIR ENERGIES! YOU WILL THEN MOVE AS HUMANS DO! TODAY THE BLACK WOODS IS OURS---TOMORROW, THE WORLD!

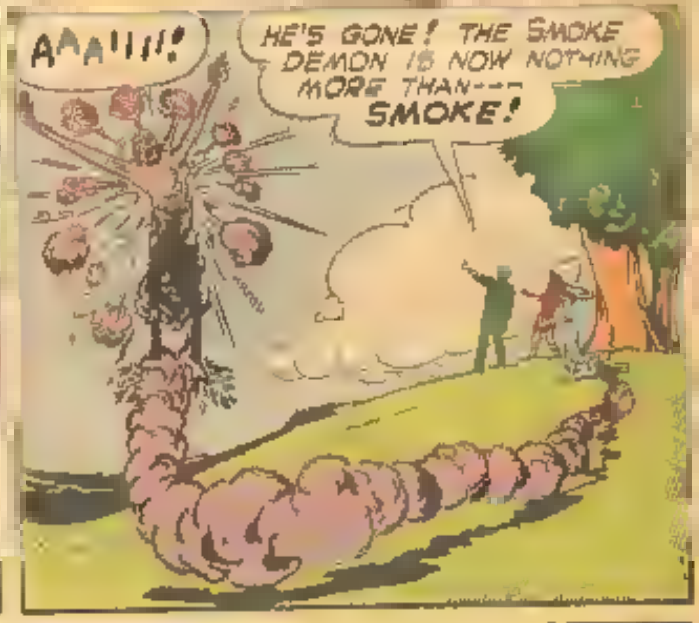

YES! YOU WILL DO ALL THE THINGS HUMANS DO! WEAR FINE CLOTHES IF YOU WISH! AND FIGHT TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT! WE WILL ALL HAVE A GRAND TIME!

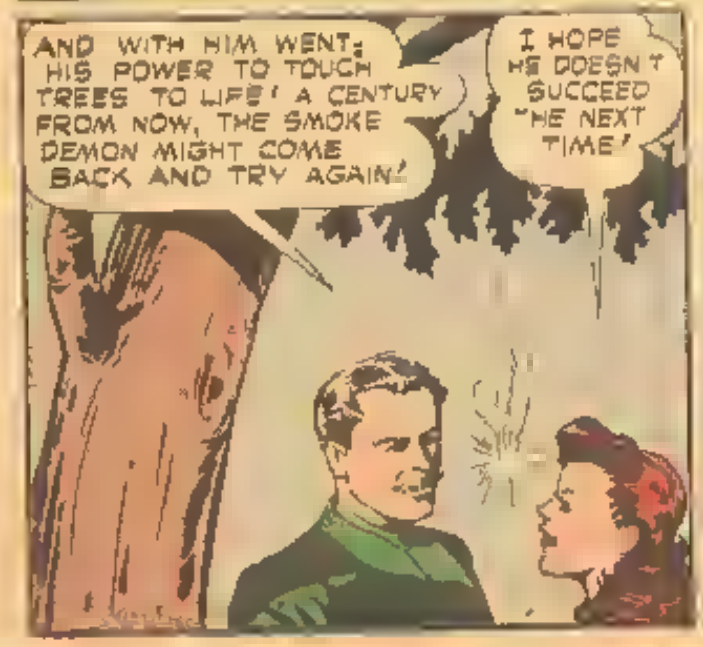

BUT MARY MARVEL ARRIVES....
LET THESE CHILDREN GO, SMOKE DEMON-- OR ELSE!

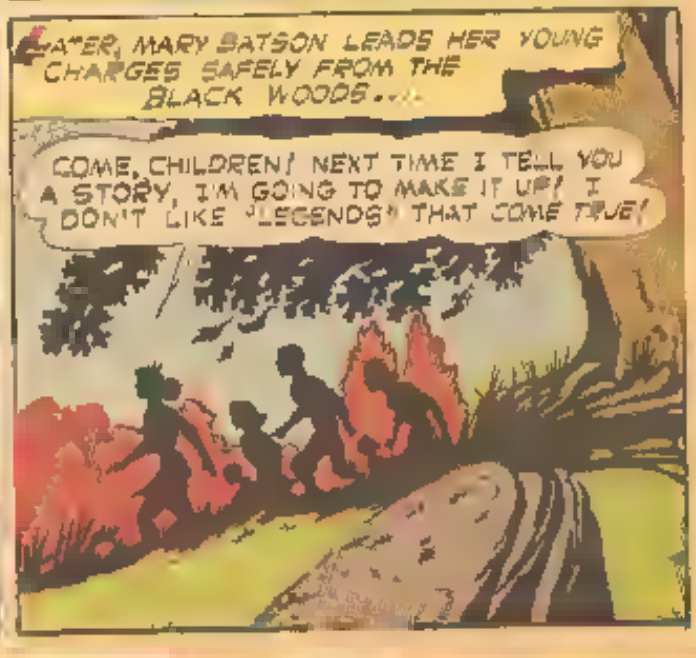

OR ELSE WHAT? YOU CAN'T HARM ME!
NO! BUT.. MORE SMOKE CAN!


KEEP THE TREES AWAY FROM ME, MARY WHILE I MAKE A LOT OF SMOKE!
BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN?


THE LEGEND STATES THAT TOO MUCH SMOKE WILL SURROUND THE SMOKE DEMON AND MAKE HIM BURST LIKE A SOAP BUBBLE!"
HELP! KEEP THAT SMOKE AWAY FROM ME!!


AAA!!!!
HE'S GONE! THE SMOKE DEMON IS NOW NOTHING MORE THAN--- SMOKE!


AND WITH HIM WENT: HIS POWER TO TOUCH TREES TO LIFE! A CENTURY FROM NOW, THE SMOKE DEMON MIGHT COME BACK AND TRY AGAIN!
I HOPE HE DOESN'T SUCCEED THE NEXT TIME!


LATER, MARY BATSON LEADS HER YOUNG CHARGES SAFELY FROM THE BLACK WOODS....
COME, CHILDREN! NEXT TIME I TELL YOU A STORY, I'M GOING TO MAKE IT UP! I DON'T LIKE "LEGENDS" THAT COME TRUE!

It's not too late TO SEND YOUR FRIENDS Holiday Greetings

from MARY MARVEL

AND ALL THE HEROES OF WOW COMICS!

MARY MARVEL HERSELF can bring your Christmas greetings to your friends, and she can do it ALL YEAR LONG! How? Simply order a year's subscription to WOW COMICS at $1 each for every one of your friends! There's a coupon right below!

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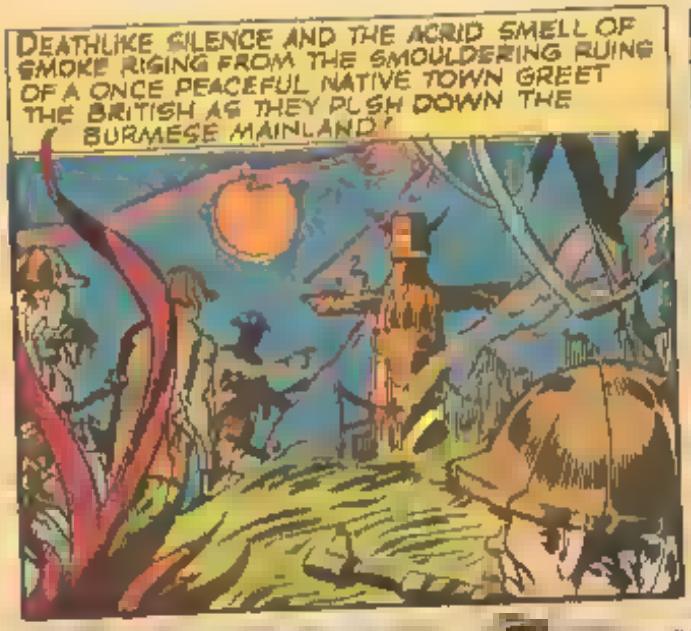
SEND A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO Name _____
Address _____ City and State _____

SEND A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO: Name _____
Address _____ City and State _____

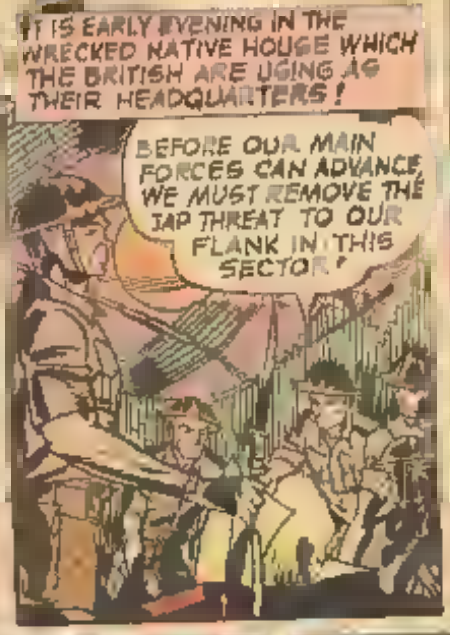
MY NAME IS: Name _____
Address _____ City and State _____

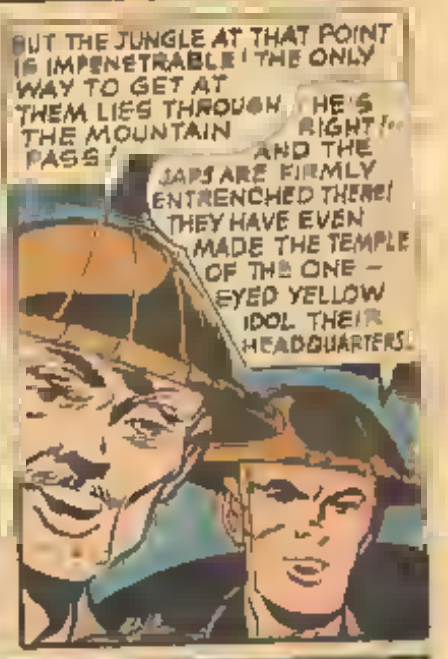
COMMANDO YANK
and
"THE TEMPLE OF THE ONE-EYED YELLOW IDOL"
COMMANDO YANK AMERICA'S ONE MAN REGIMENT MEETS A NEW AND TERRIFYING FOE — FEAR! AS THE BRITISH RECAPTURE BURMA JUNGLE-LAND OF ETERNAL MYSTERY THERE IN THE TEMPLE OF THE ONE-EYED YELLOW IDOL - FEAR STRIKES COMMANDO YANK!

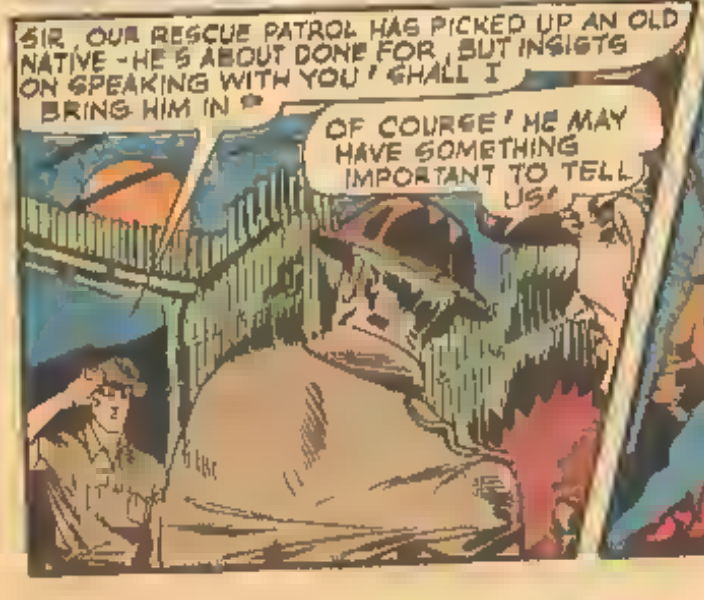

DEATHLIKE SILENCE AND THE ACRID SMELL OF SMOKE RISING FROM THE SMOULDERING RUINS OF A ONCE PEACEFUL NATIVE TOWN GREET THE BRITISH AS THEY PUSH DOWN THE BURMESE MAINLAND!

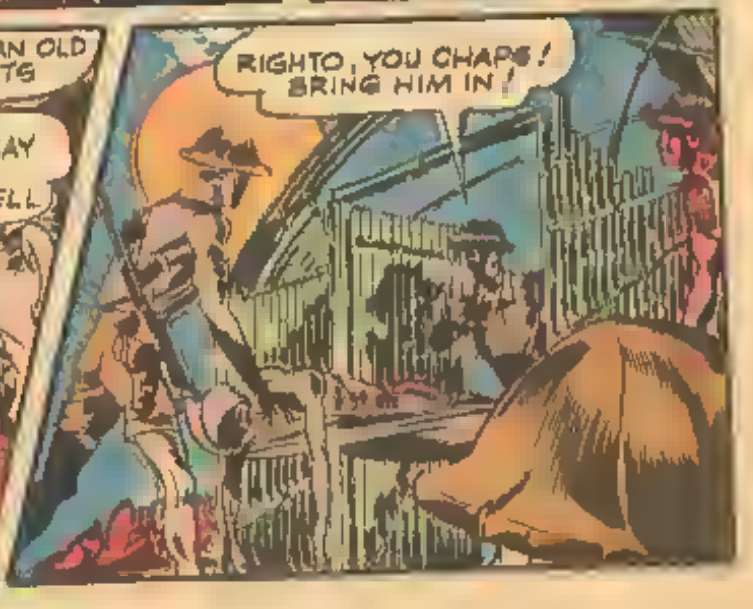
THE VILLAGE IS A SHAMBLES! NOT A LIVING SOUL!

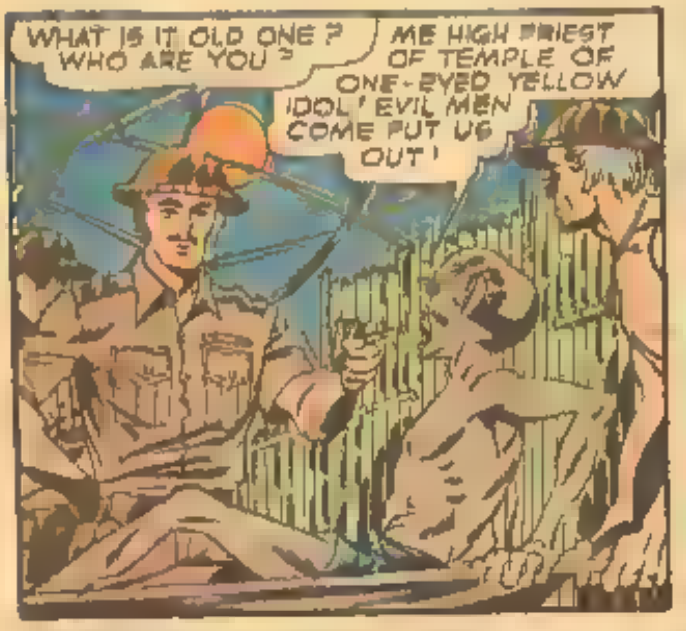
TELL THE MEN TO HALT AND REST! POST SENTRIES AND SEND OUT A PATROL TO SEARCH FOR WOUNDED! THIS WILL BE OUR TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS!
VERY GOOD, SIR!


IT IS EARLY EVENING IN THE WRECKED NATIVE HOUSE WHICH THE BRITISH ARE USING AS THEIR HEADQUARTERS!
BEFORE OUR MAIN FORCES CAN ADVANCE, WE MUST REMOVE THE JAP THREAT TO OUR FLANK IN THIS SECTOR!

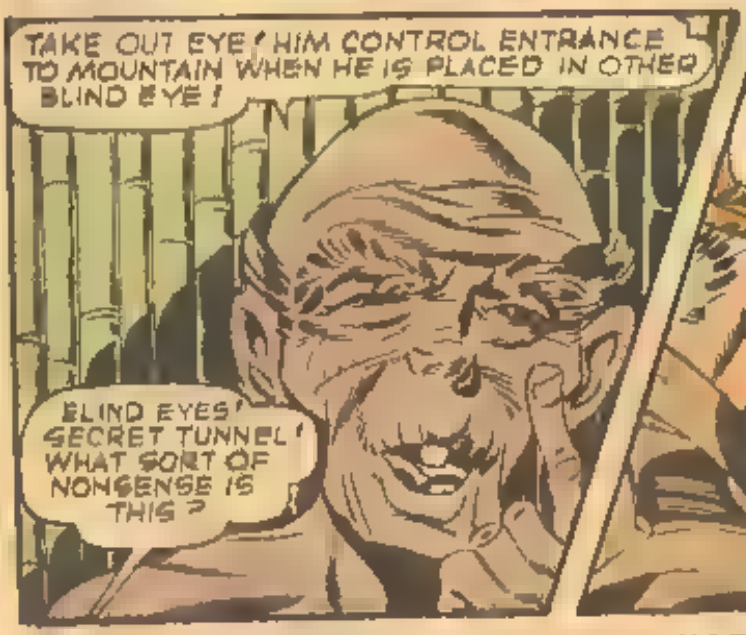

BUT THE JUNGLE AT THAT POINT IS IMPENETRABLE! THE ONLY WAY TO GET AT THEM LIES THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN PASS!
HE'S RIGHT!... AND THE JAPS ARE FIRMLY ENTRENCHED THERE! THEY HAVE EVEN MADE THE TEMPLE OF THE ONE-EYED YELLOW IDOL THEIR HEADQUARTERS!

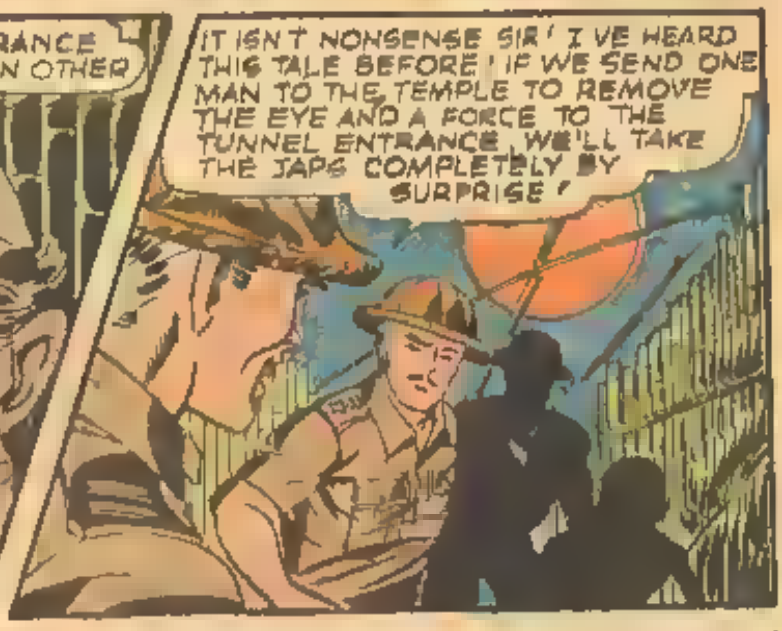

SIR, OUR RESCUE PATROL HAS PICKED UP AN OLD NATIVE - HE'S ABOUT DONE FOR, BUT INSISTS ON SPEAKING WITH YOU! SHALL I BRING HIM IN?
OF COURSE! HE MAY HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL US!

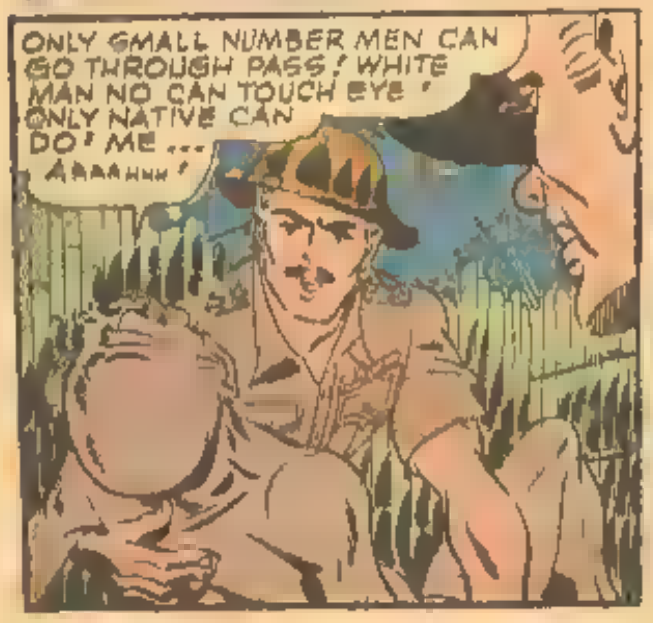

RIGHTO, YOU CHAPS! BRING HIM IN!

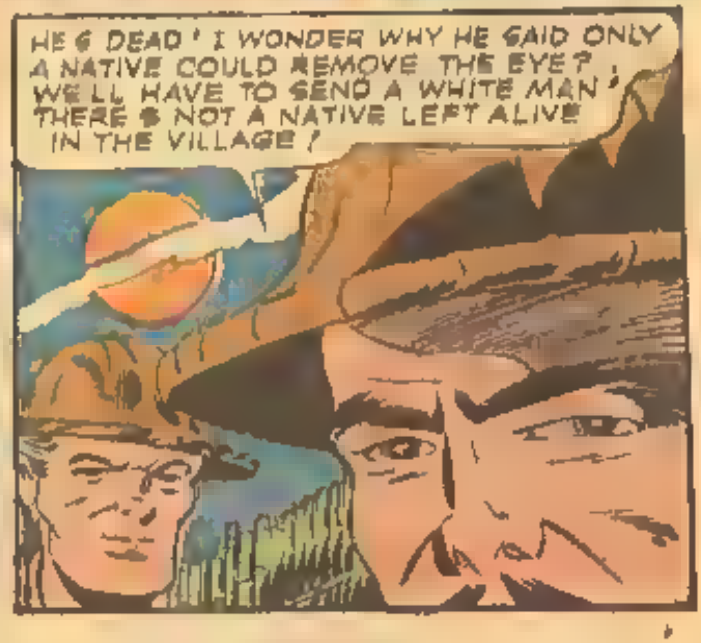

WHAT IS IT OLD ONE? WHO ARE YOU?
ME HIGH PRIEST OF TEMPLE OF ONE-EYED YELLOW IDOL! EVIL MEN COME PUT US OUT!

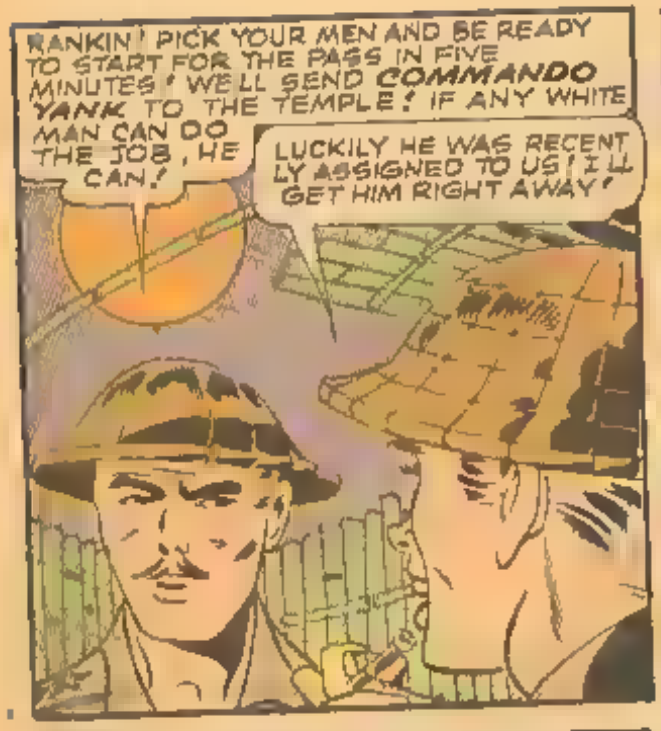
LITTLE NIPPON MEN MUCH CLEVER BUT DO NOT KNOW GREEN EYE OF YELLOW GOD HE IS SECRET TUNNEL!
GREAT SCOTT! HOW DOES IT WORK?


TAKE OUT EYE! HIM CONTROL ENTRANCE TO MOUNTAIN WHEN HE IS PLACED IN OTHER BLIND EYE!
BLIND EYES! SECRET TUNNEL! WHAT SORT OF NONSENSE IS THIS?


IT ISN'T NONSENSE SIR! I'VE HEARD THIS TALE BEFORE! IF WE SEND ONE MAN TO THE TEMPLE TO REMOVE THE EYE AND A FORCE TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE, WE'LL TAKE THE JAPS COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!

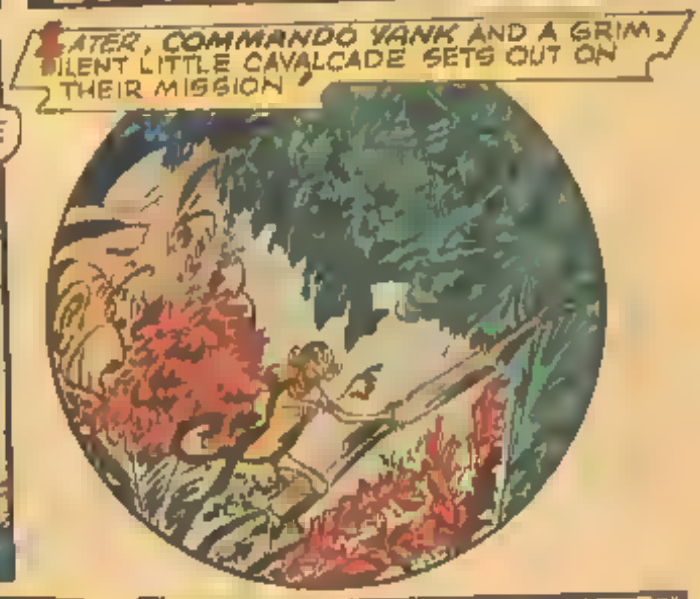

ONLY SMALL NUMBER MEN CAN GO THROUGH PASS! WHITE MAN NO CAN TOUCH EYE! ONLY NATIVE CAN DO! ME... AAAAHH!

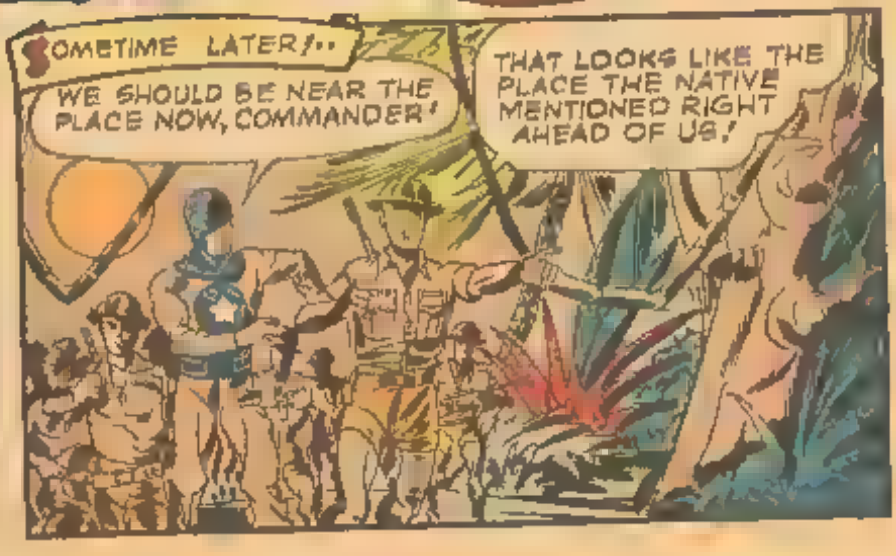

HE'S DEAD! I WONDER WHY HE SAID ONLY A NATIVE COULD REMOVE THE EYE? WE'LL HAVE TO SEND A WHITE MAN! THERE'S NOT A NATIVE LEFT ALIVE IN THE VILLAGE!

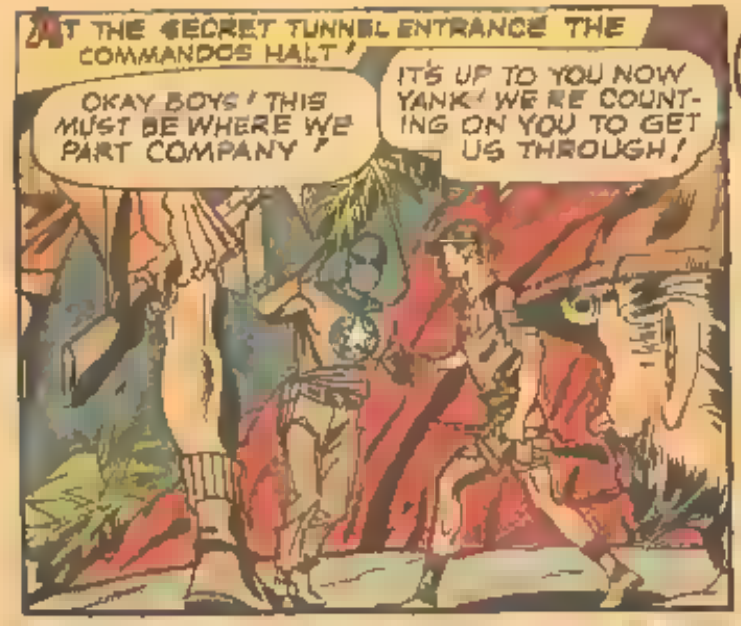

RANKIN! PICK YOUR MEN AND BE READY TO START FOR THE PASS IN FIVE MINUTES! WE'LL SEND COMMANDO YANK TO THE TEMPLE! IF ANY WHITE MAN CAN DO THE JOB, HE CAN!
LUCKILY HE WAS RECENTLY ASSIGNED TO US! I'LL GET HIM RIGHT AWAY!

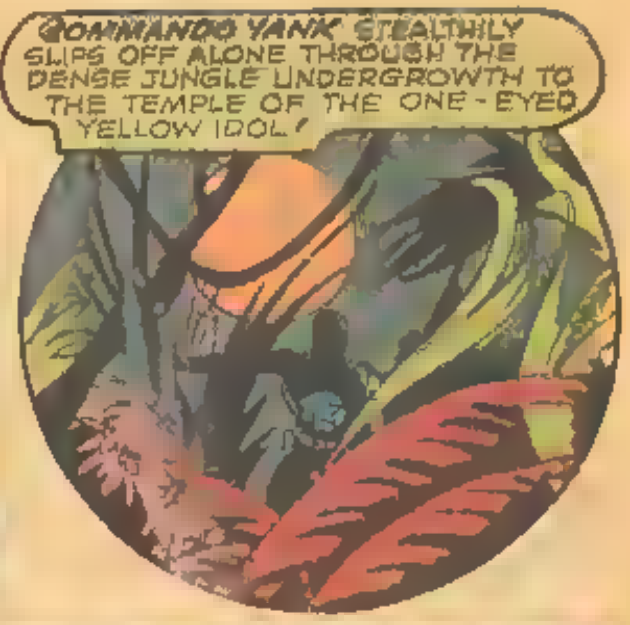
WHEN COMMANDO YANK ARRIVES ...
IT WILL BE YOUR JOB TO GET INTO THIS TEMPLE AND TRANSFER THE EYE TO THE EMPTY SOCKET! THE SUCCESS OF THE WHOLE PLAN RESTS WITH YOU!

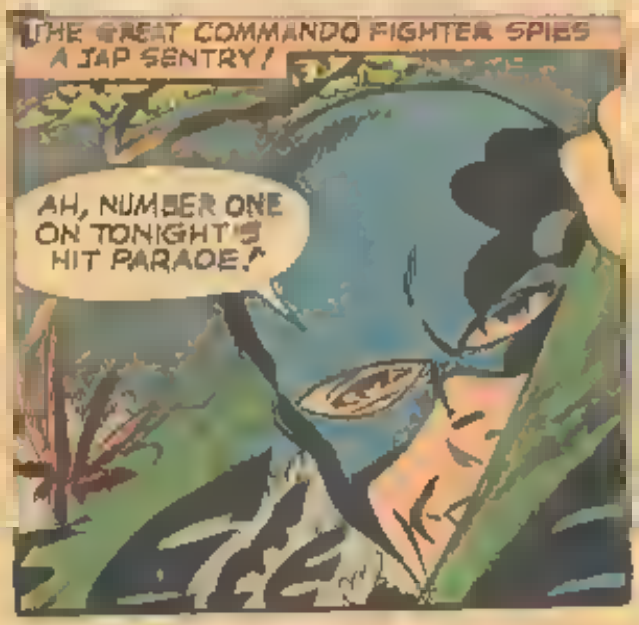
I SHOULD WARN YOU THE NATIVE PRIEST WHO TOLD US ABOUT THIS SAID NO WHITE MAN COULD DO THE JOB!
I'M NOT AFRAID OF NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS! I WON'T FAIL!

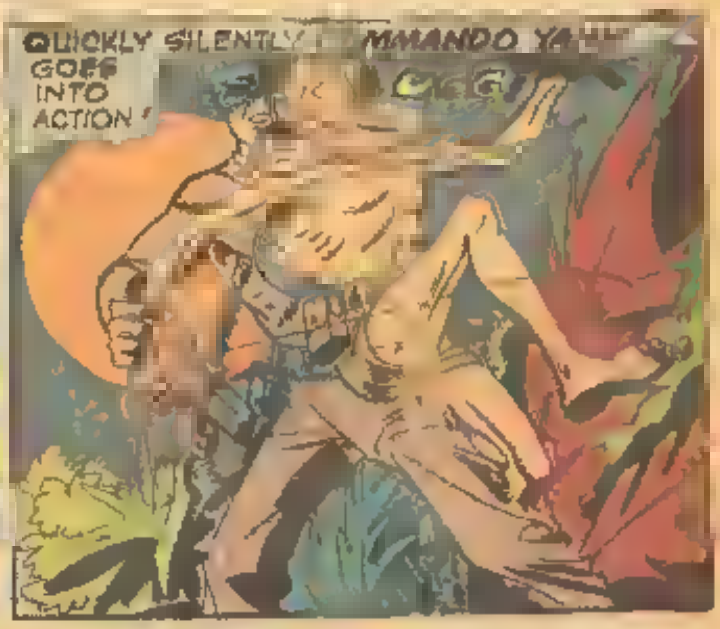

LATER, COMMANDO YANK AND A GRIM, SILENT LITTLE CAVALCADE SETS OUT ON THEIR MISSION!

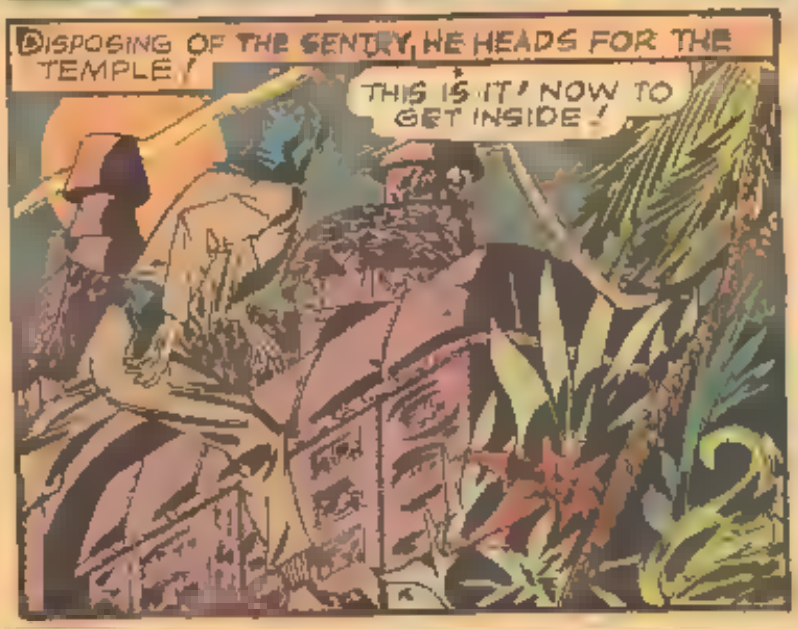

SOMETIME LATER!..
WE SHOULD BE NEAR THE PLACE NOW, COMMANDER!
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE THE NATIVE MENTIONED RIGHT AHEAD OF US!


AT THE SECRET TUNNEL ENTRANCE THE COMMANDOS HALT!
OKAY BOYS! THIS MUST BE WHERE WE PART COMPANY!
IT'S UP TO YOU NOW YANK! WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU TO GET US THROUGH!

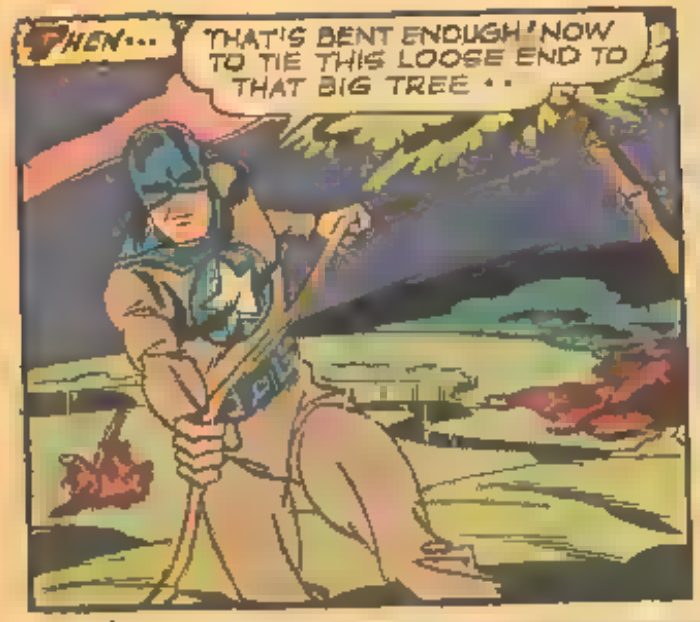

COMMANDO YANK STEALTHILY SLIPS OFF ALONE THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE UNDERGROWTH TO THE TEMPLE OF THE ONE-EYED YELLOW IDOL!

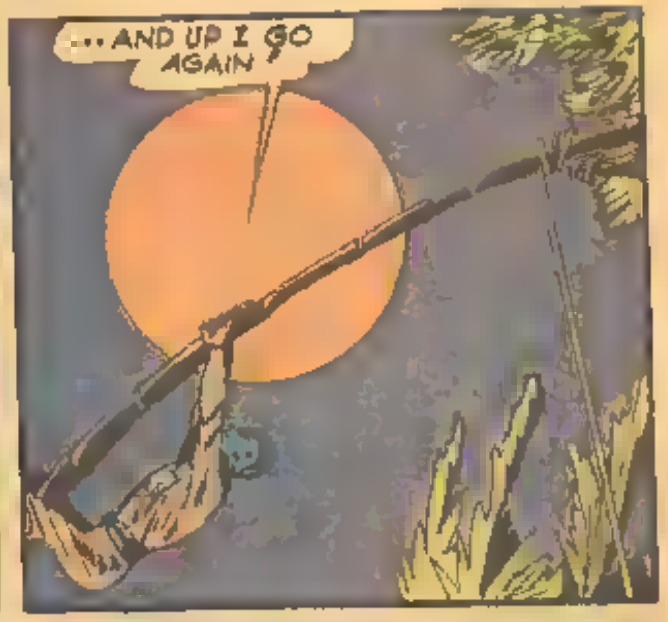

THE GREAT COMMANDO FIGHTER SPIES A JAP SENTRY!
AH, NUMBER ONE ON TONIGHT'S HIT PARADE!

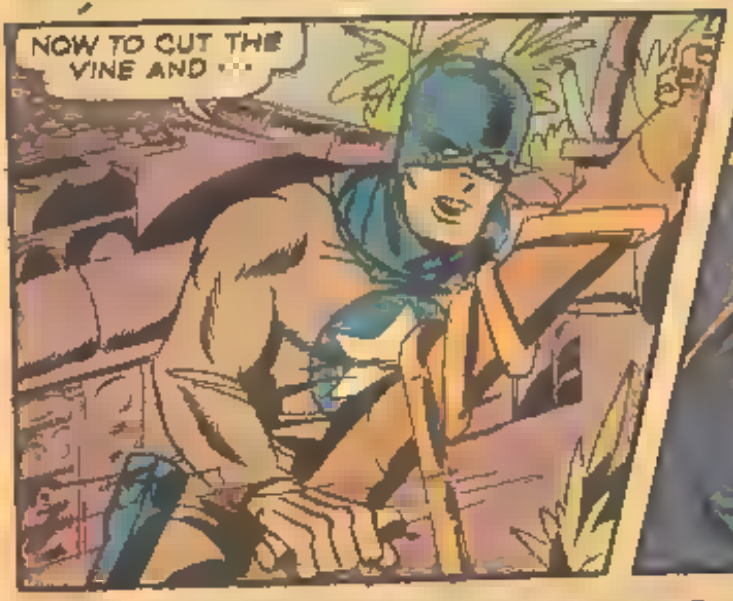

QUICKLY SILENTLY COMMANDO YANK GOES INTO ACTION!

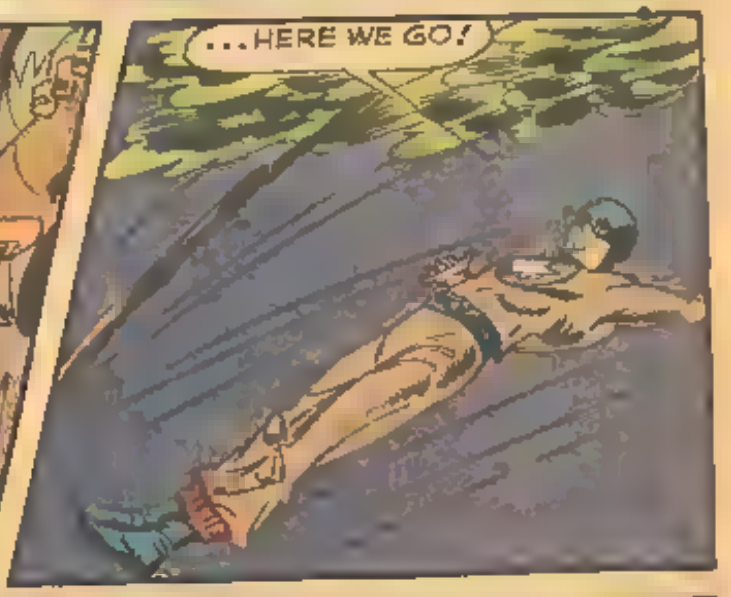

DISPOSING OF THE SENTRY, HE HEADS FOR THE TEMPLE!
THIS IS IT! NOW TO GET INSIDE!

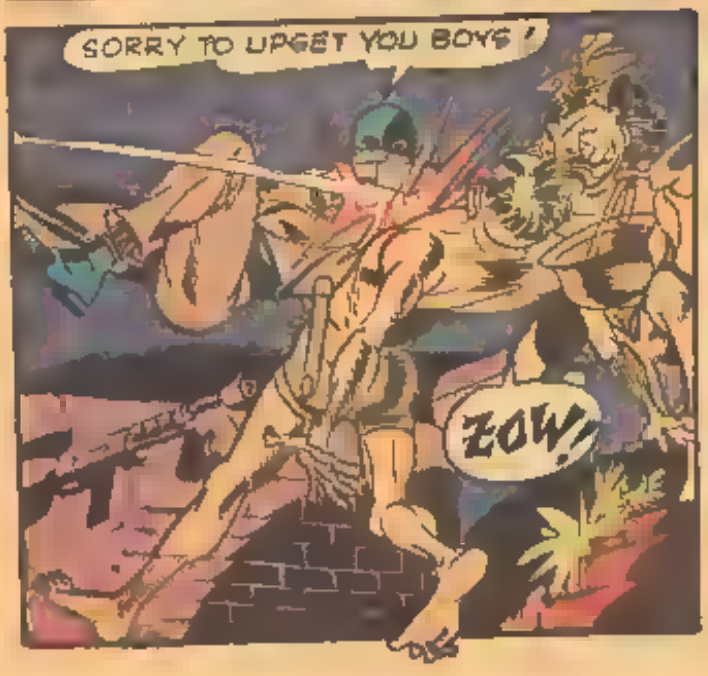
THIS SAPLING AND THIS JUNGLE VINE ARE JUST WHAT I NEED!

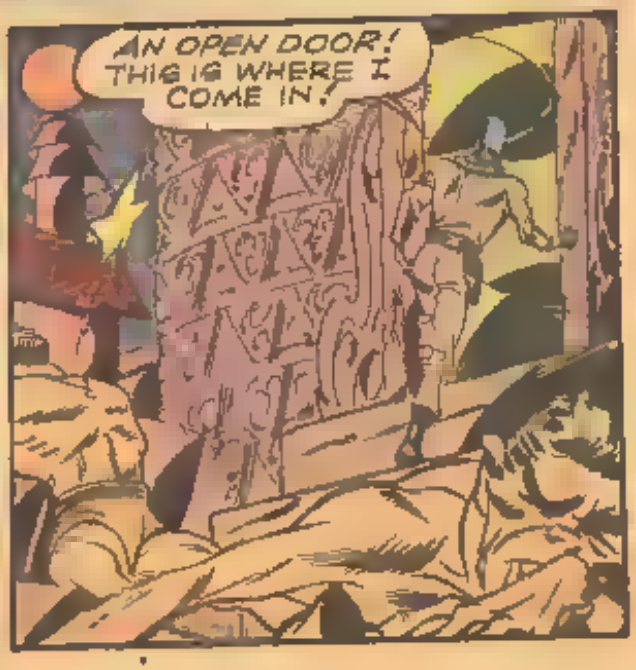

THEN...
THAT'S BENT ENOUGH! NOW TO TIE THIS LOOSE END TO THAT BIG TREE ..

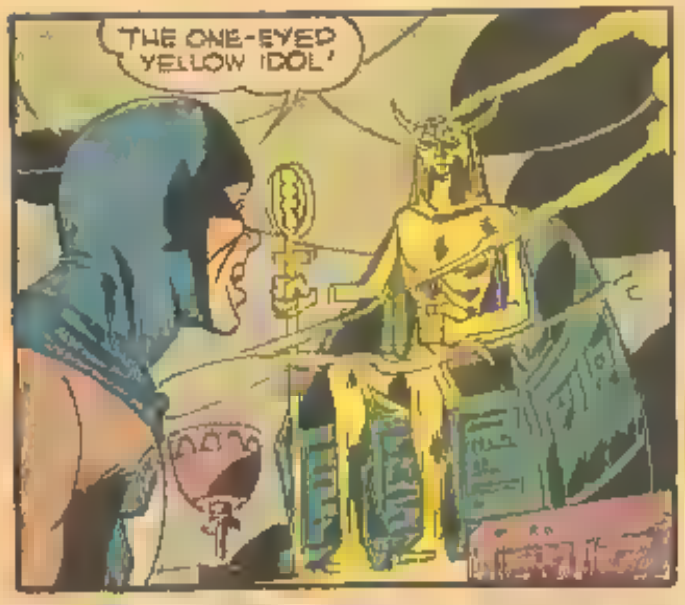

...AND UP I GO AGAIN!

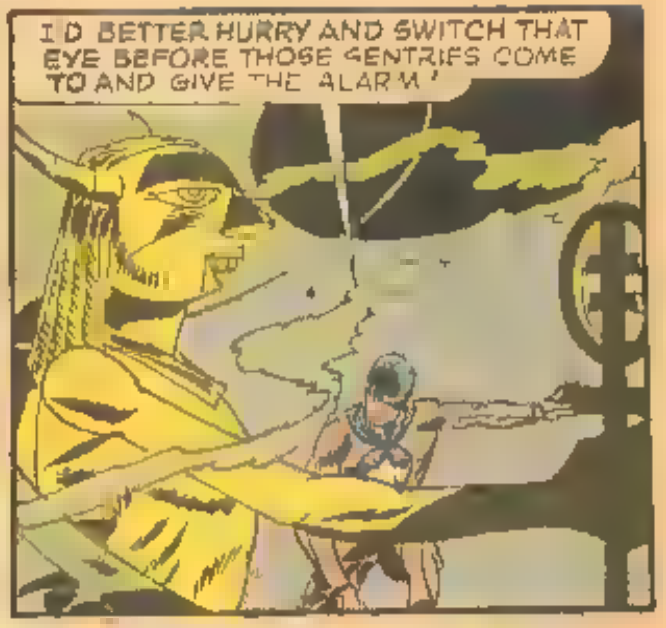

NOW TO CUT THE VINE AND ...

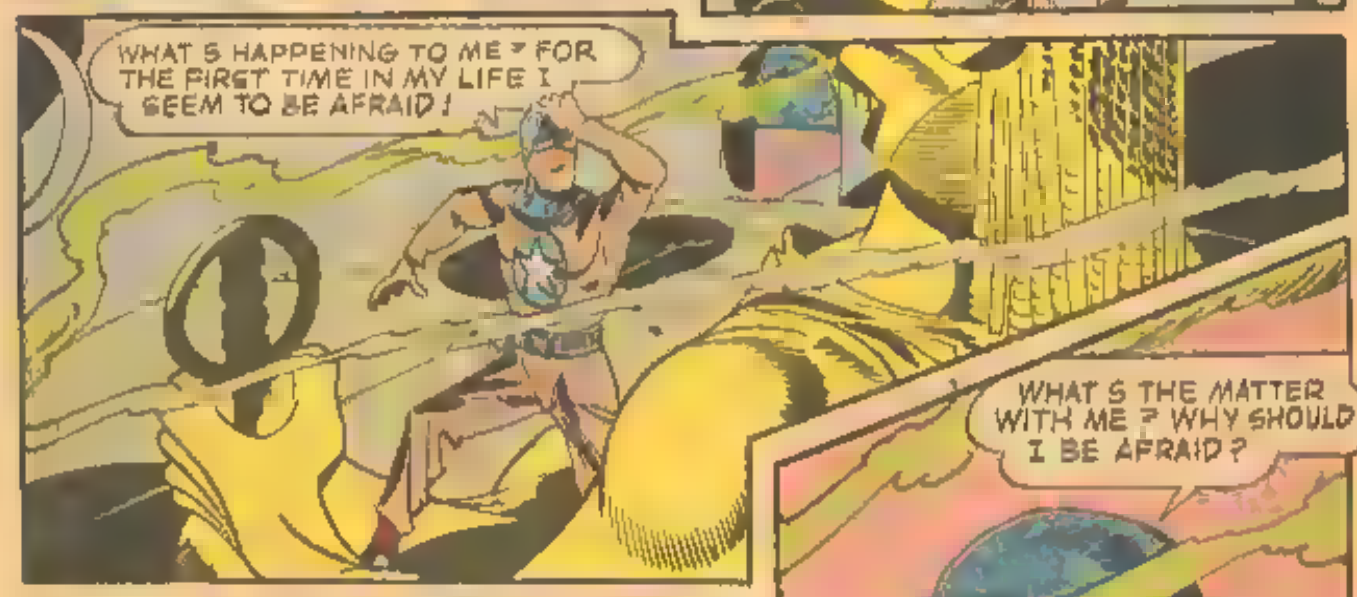

...HERE WE GO!


SORRY TO UPSET YOU BOYS!
ZOW!


AN OPEN DOOR! THIS IS WHERE I COME IN!


THE ONE-EYED YELLOW IDOL!

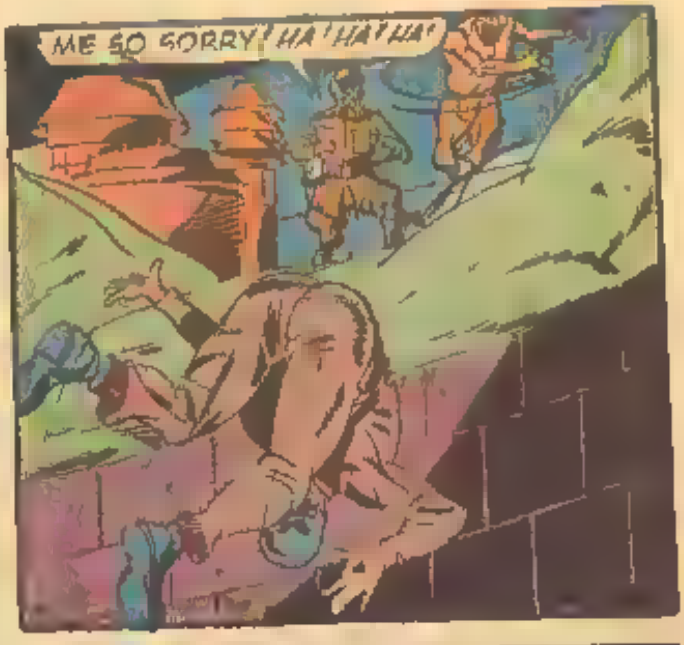

I'D BETTER HURRY AND SWITCH THAT EYE BEFORE THOSE SENTRIES COME TO AND GIVE THE ALARM!


WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I SEEM TO BE AFRAID!

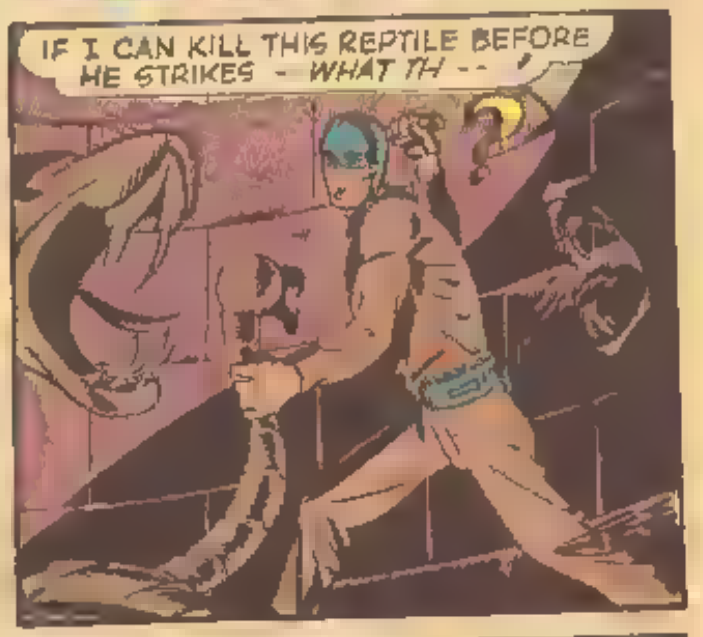
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID?

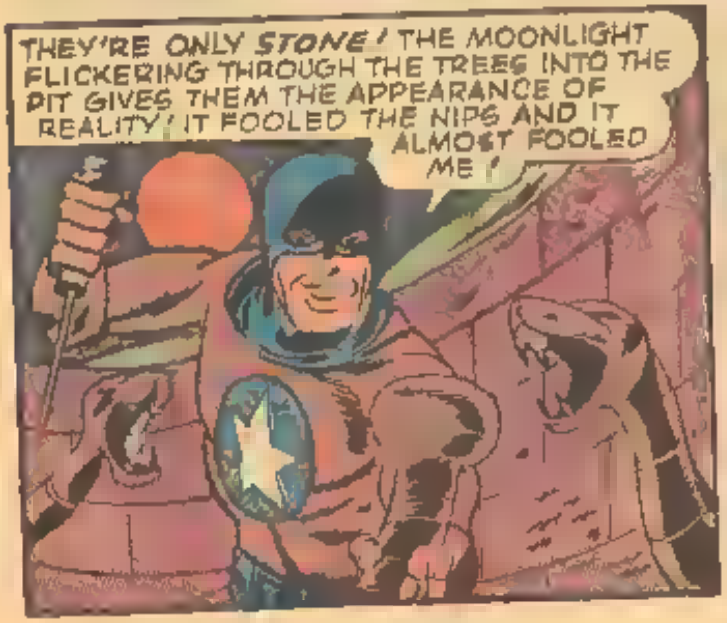
AND AT THAT MOMENT!
COMMANDO YANK!
SEIZE HIM!

SECONDS LATER COMMANDO YANK IS OVERWHELMED!
THROW HIM INTO THE SNAKE PIT! WE'LL GET RID OF HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!


ME SO SORRY! HA! HA! HA!

SNAKES! DOZENS OF 'EM! I'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE! BUT I CAN GO DOWN FIGHTING!

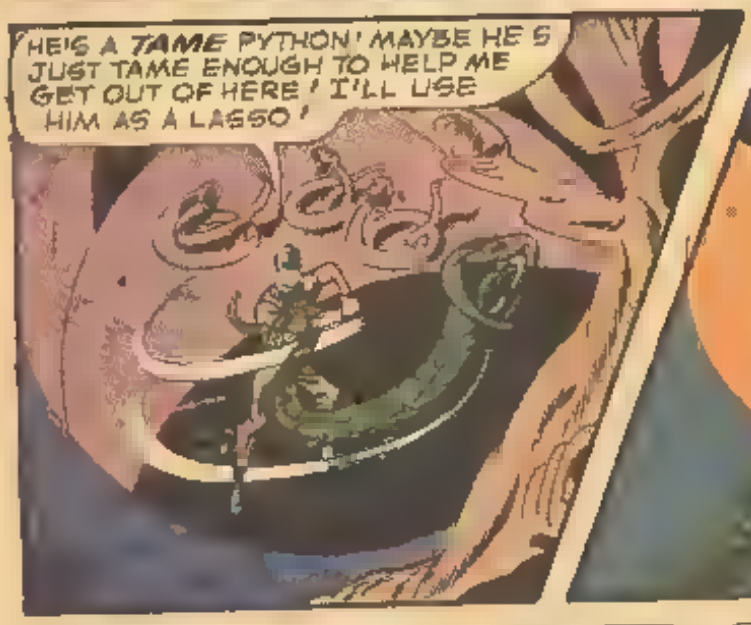

IF I CAN KILL THIS REPTILE BEFORE HE STRIKES -- WHAT TH --!
?

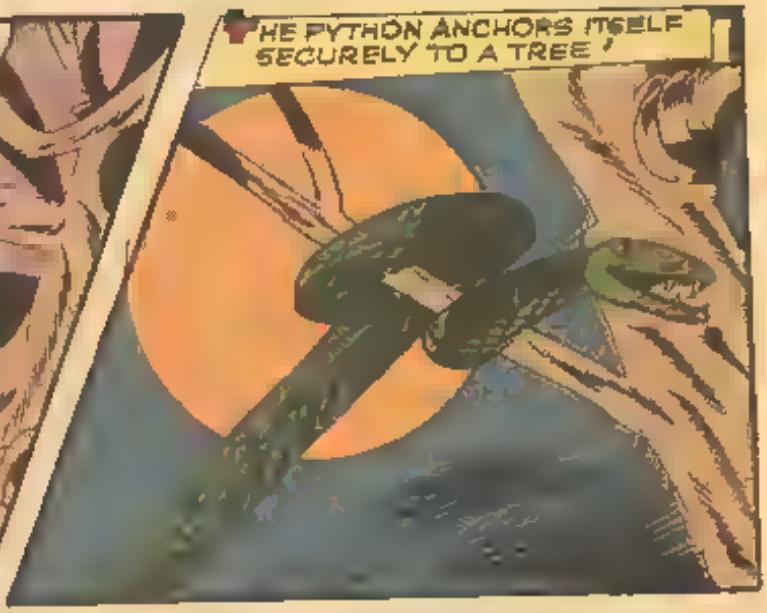

THEY'RE ONLY STONE! THE MOONLIGHT FLICKERING THROUGH THE TREES INTO THE PIT GIVES THEM THE APPEARANCE OF REALITY! IT FOOLED THE NIPS AND IT ALMOST FOOLED ME!

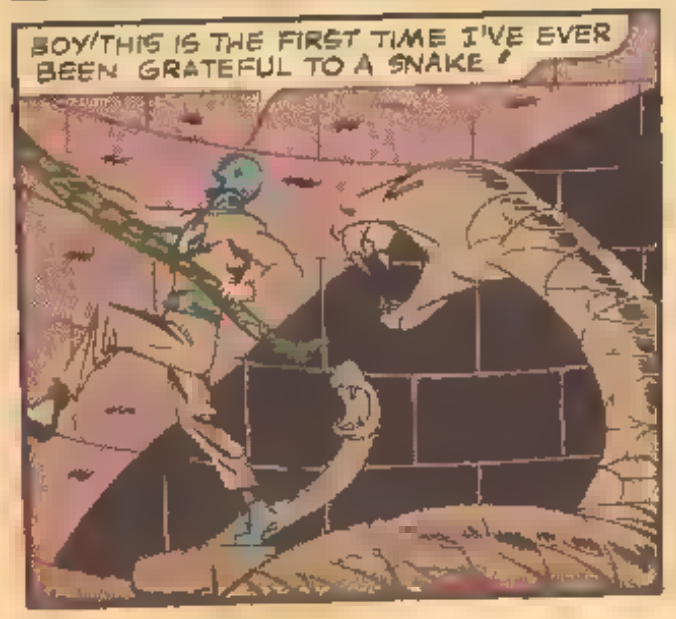
NOW TO GET OUT! AH!... A ROPE! JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

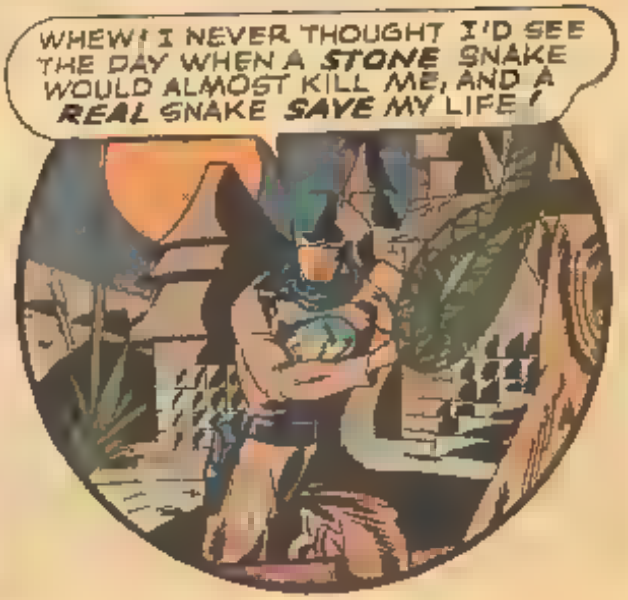
BUT MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE THE ROPE IS NOT A ROPE AT ALL!
A PYTHON! A REAL ONE THIS TIME!

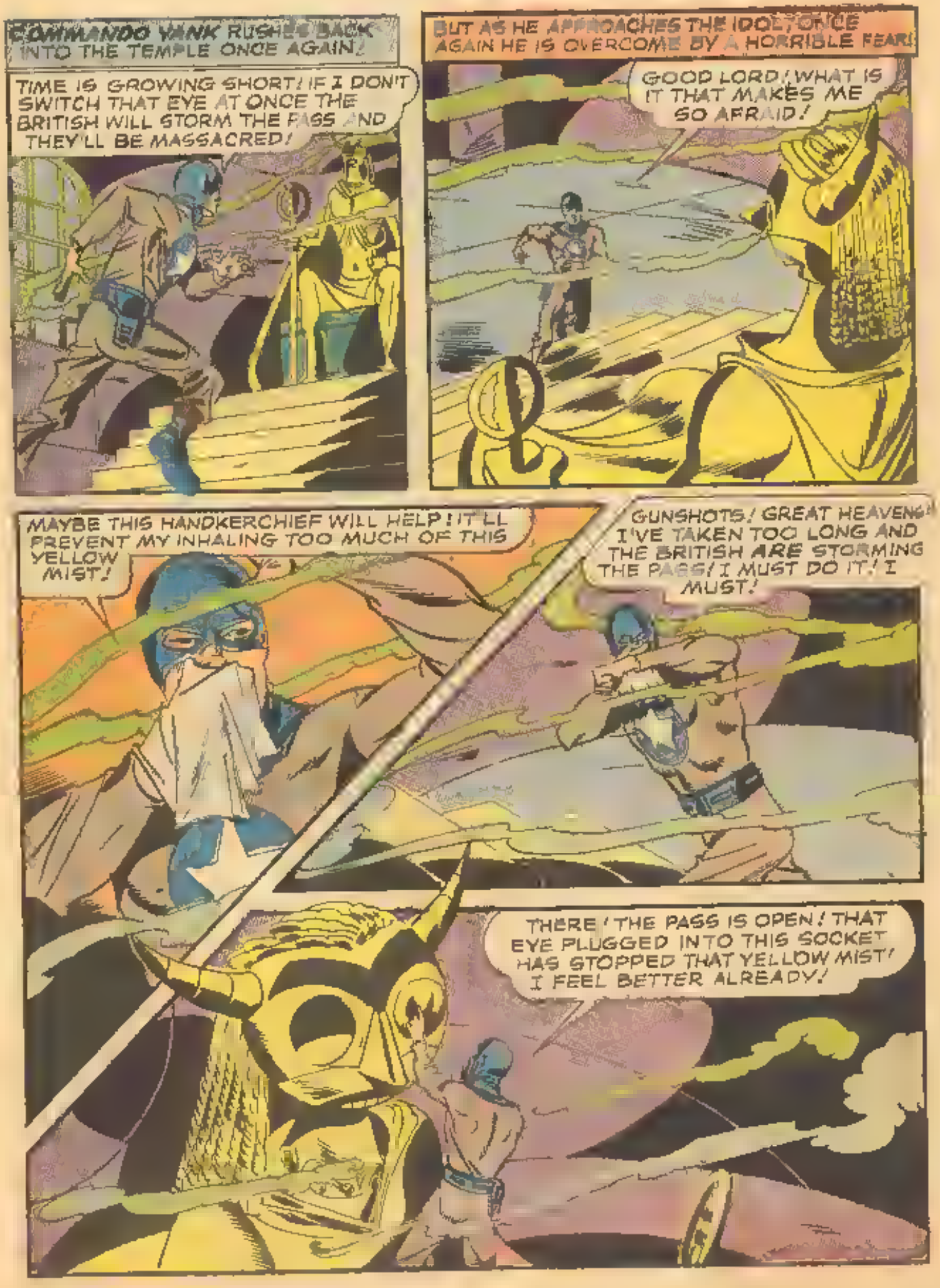
GOOD LORD! HE ISN'T TRYING TO KILL ME! HE'S BEING FRIENDLY!


HE'S A TAME PYTHON! MAYBE HE'S JUST TAME ENOUGH TO HELP ME GET OUT OF HERE! I'LL USE HIM AS A LASSO!

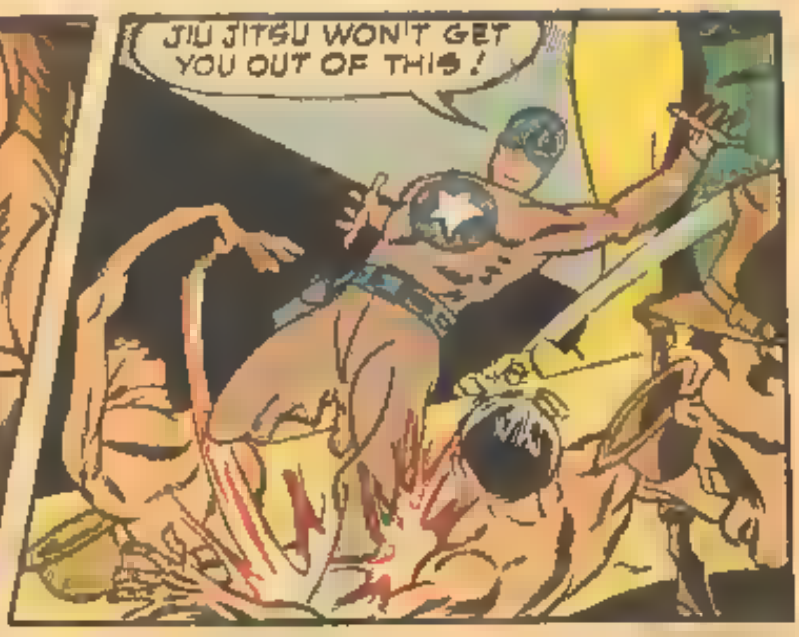

HE PYTHON ANCHORS ITSELF SECURELY TO A TREE!

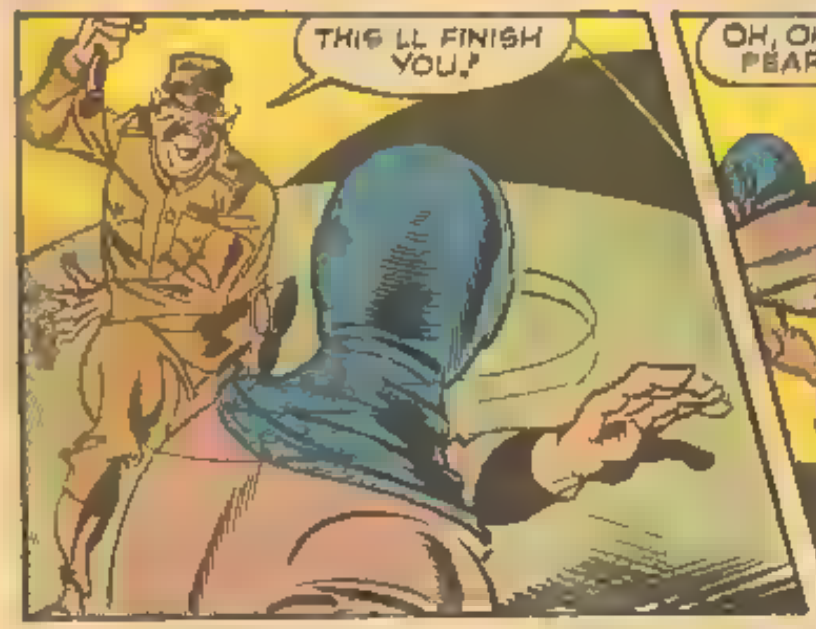

BOY! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN GRATEFUL TO A SNAKE!

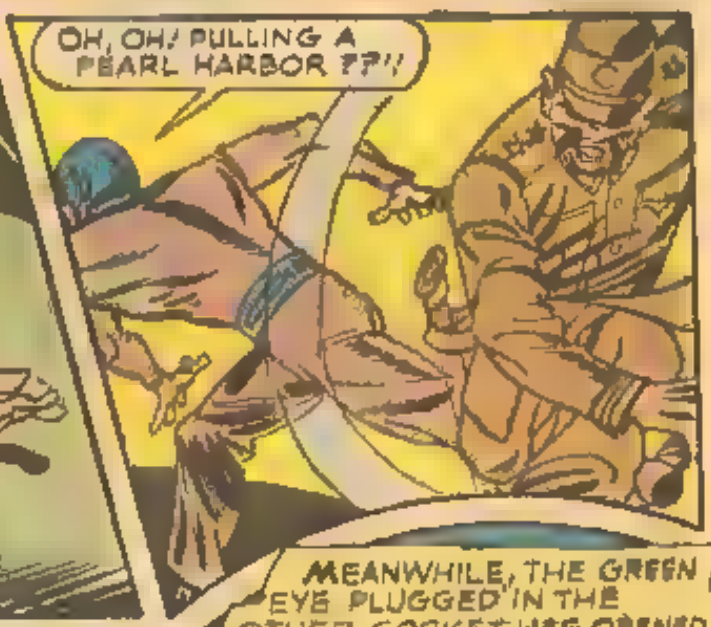

WHEW! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN A STONE SNAKE WOULD ALMOST KILL ME, AND A REAL SNAKE SAVE MY LIFE!

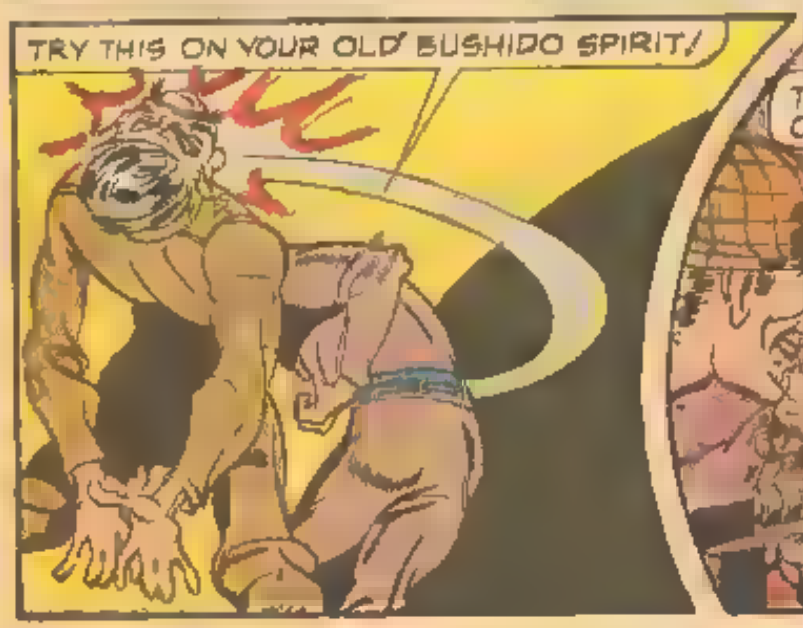

COMMANDO YANK RUSHES BACK INTO THE TEMPLE ONCE AGAIN!
TIME IS GROWING SHORT! IF I DON'T SWITCH THAT EYE AT ONCE THE BRITISH WILL STORM THE PASS AND THEY'LL BE MASSACRED!
BUT AS HE APPROACHES THE IDOL, ONCE AGAIN HE IS OVERCOME BY A HORRIBLE FEAR!
GOOD LORD! WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES ME SO AFRAID!
MAYBE THIS HANDKERCHIEF WILL HELP! IT'LL PREVENT MY INHALING TOO MUCH OF THIS YELLOW MIST!
GUNSHOTS! GREAT HEAVENS! I'VE TAKEN TOO LONG AND THE BRITISH ARE STORMING THE PASS! I MUST DO IT! I MUST!
THERE! THE PASS IS OPEN! THAT EYE PLUGGED INTO THIS SOCKET HAS STOPPED THAT YELLOW MIST! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!

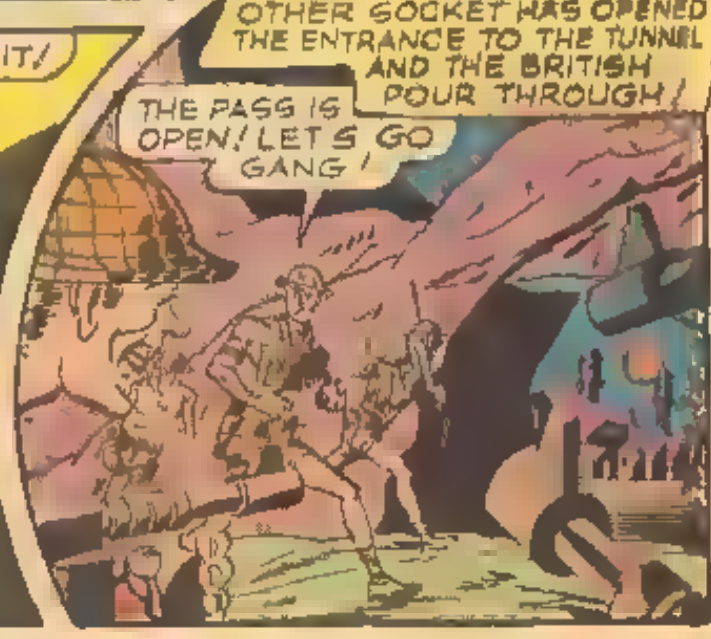
VISITORS!
COMMANDO YANK!. ESCAPED! BUT HOW!


JIU JITSU WON'T GET YOU OUT OF THIS!

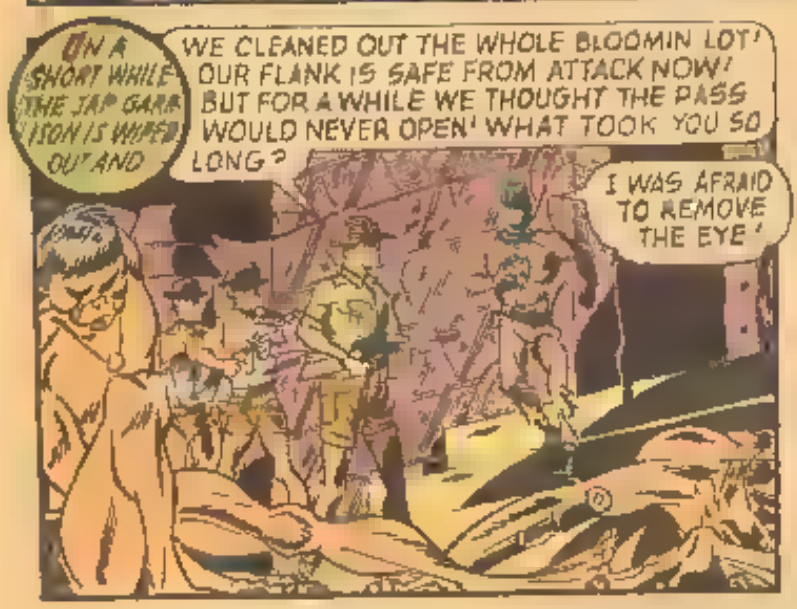

THIS LL FINISH YOU!


OH, OH! PULLING A PEARL HARBOR ??!!

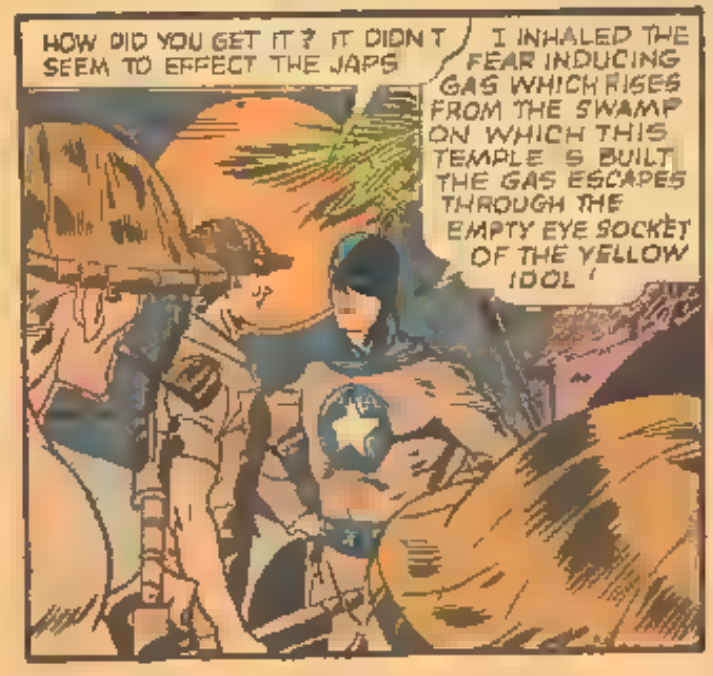

TRY THIS ON YOUR OLD BUSHIDO SPIRIT!


MEANWHILE, THE GREEN EYE PLUGGED IN THE OTHER SOCKET HAS OPENED THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL AND THE BRITISH POUR THROUGH!
THE PASS IS OPEN! LET'S GO GANG!

THE JAPS ARE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!
YAHOO!
YIPPEE!
LOOK AT MIKADO'S MONKEYS RUN!
HELP! HELP!
RUN FROM THE WHITE DEVILS!


IN A SHORT WHILE THE JAP GARRISON IS WIPED OUT AND
WE CLEANED OUT THE WHOLE BLOOMIN LOT! OUR FLANK IS SAFE FROM ATTACK NOW! BUT FOR A WHILE WE THOUGHT THE PASS WOULD NEVER OPEN! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
I WAS AFRAID TO REMOVE THE EYE!

D YE HEAR THAT! COMMANDO YANK AFRAID! HA! HA THAT S GOOD HE DOESN T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD FEAR!
BUT IT S TRUE! I WAS SUFFERING FROM SEPTAMAGNIA - A TROP CAL DISEASE THAT MAKES MEN AFRAID!

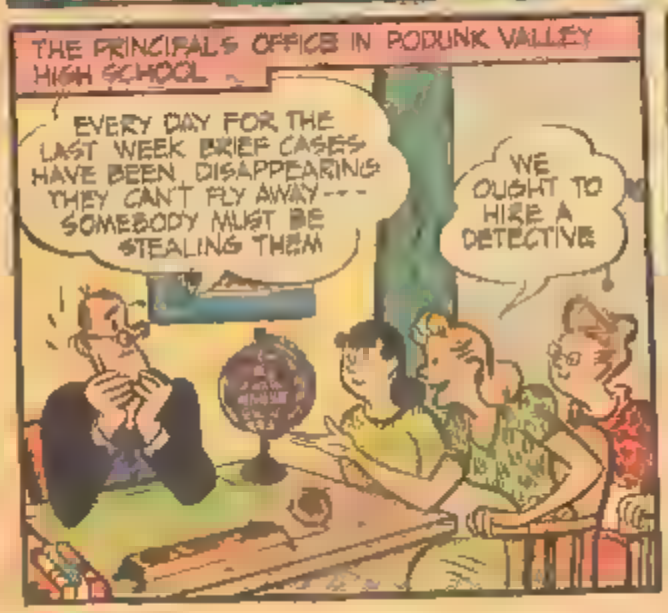

HOW DID YOU GET IT? IT DIDN T SEEM TO EFFECT THE JAPS
I INHALED THE FEAR INDUCING GAS WHICH RISES FROM THE SWAMP ON WHICH THIS TEMPLE S BUILT THE GAS ESCAPES THROUGH THE EMPTY EYE SOCKET OF THE YELLOW IDOL!

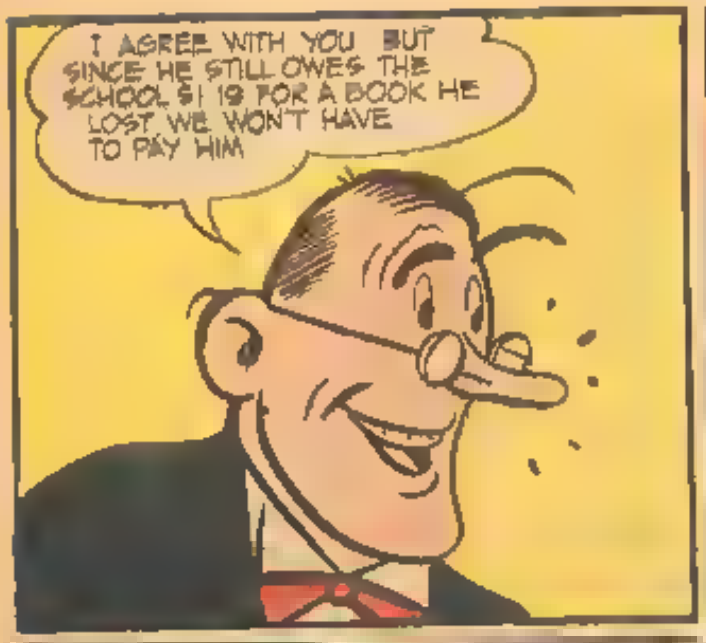
IT ONLY EFFECTS WHITE MEN!, THAT S WHAT THE OLD NATIVE PRIEST TRIED TO TELL US AND THAT'S WHY IT DIDN'T BOTHER THE JAPS!

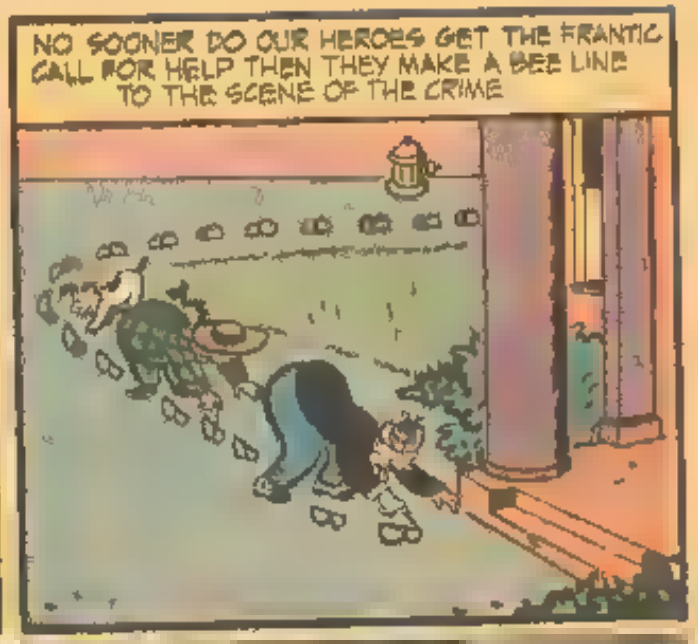
RICHARD RICHARD

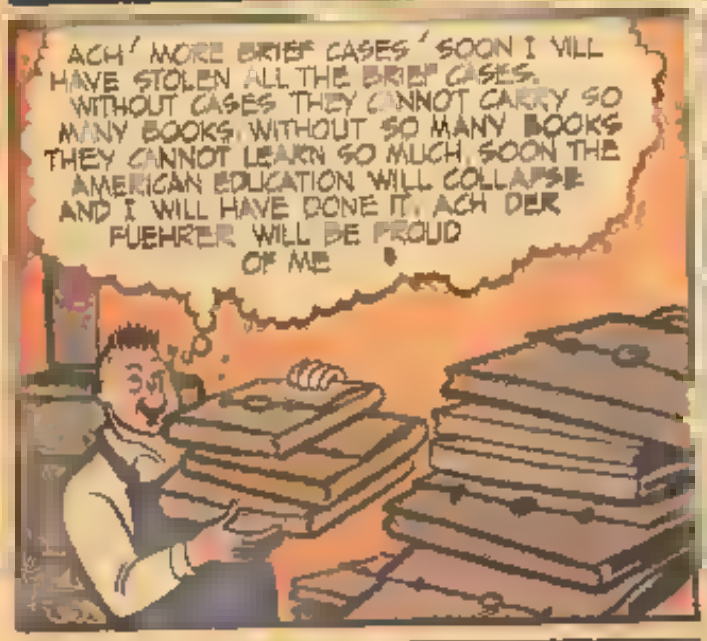
PRIVATE DICK -- AND THE BRIEF CASE

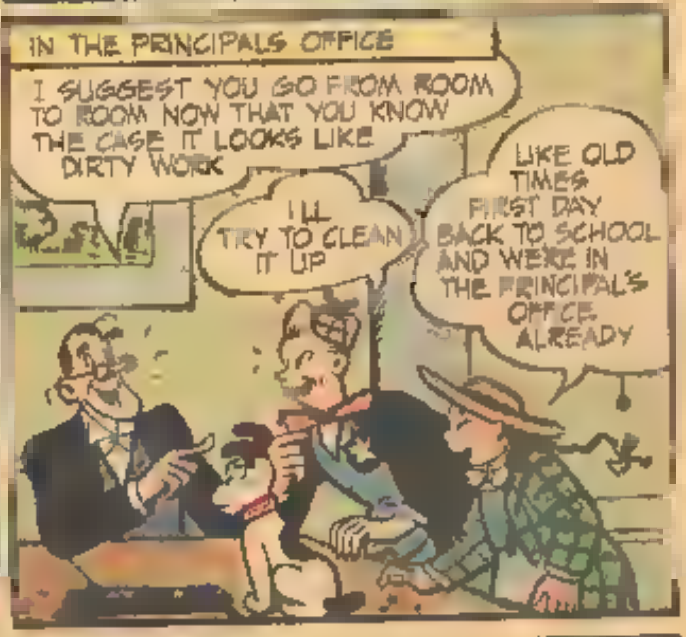
PANIC RUNS WILD IN PODUNK VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL (HOW CAN PANIC RUN WHEN IT'S ONLY A WORD?) THE STUDENTS ARE UP IN ARMS AND IN THEIR ARMS ARE THEIR LOOSE BOOKS BECAUSE SOMEONE IS STEALING THEIR BRIEF CASES. THE ANSWER REMAINS A MYSTERY UNTIL RICHARD RICHARD AND HIS TRUSTY AIDES AH CHOO AND FLUB DUB THE MUTT, ARE CALLED BACK TO SCHOOL AND WHEN RICHARD GOES BACK TO SCHOOL DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS? HE GETS LEFT BACK OF COURSE. NOW GO ON AND READ THE BRIEF CASE OF THE BRIEF CASE.

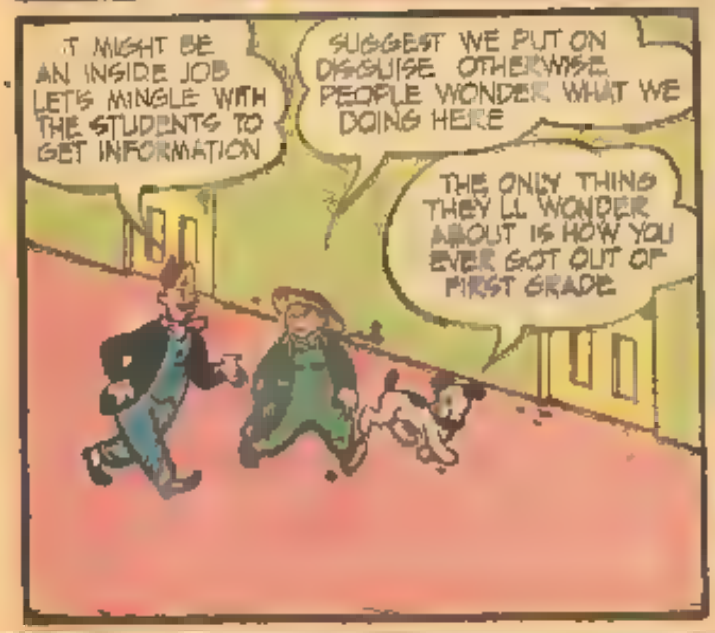


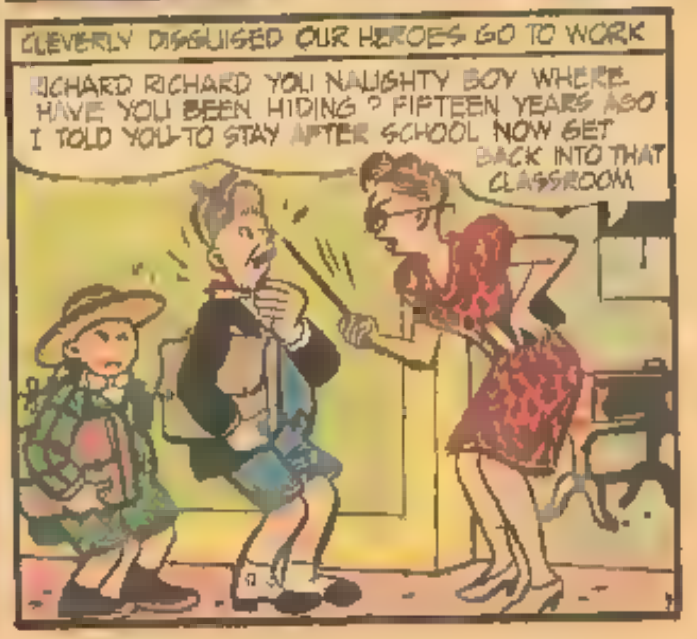

I AGREE WITH YOU BUT SINCE HE STILL OWES THE SCHOOL $1.19 FOR A BOOK HE LOST WE WON'T HAVE TO PAY HIM


NO SOONER DO OUR HEROES GET THE FRANTIC CALL FOR HELP THEN THEY MAKE A BEE LINE TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

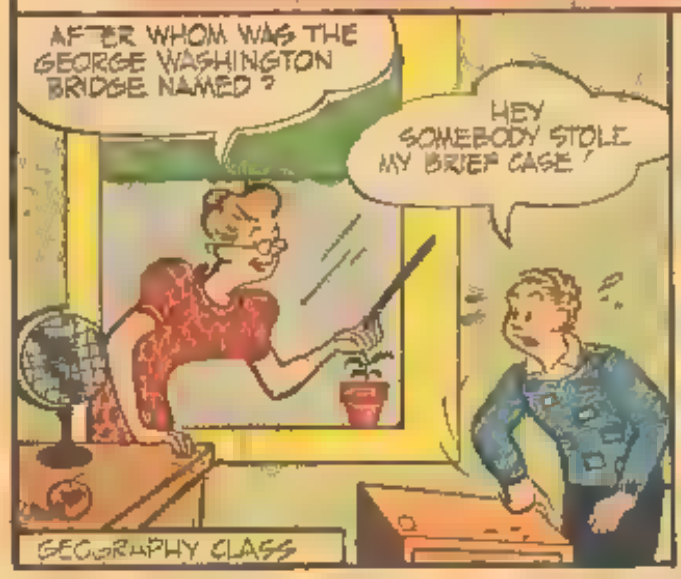

ACH! MORE BRIEF CASES! SOON I VILL HAVE STOLEN ALL THE BRIEF CASES. WITHOUT CASES THEY CANNOT CARRY SO MANY BOOKS, WITHOUT SO MANY BOOKS THEY CANNOT LEARN SO MUCH, SOON THE AMERICAN EDUCATION WILL COLLAPSE AND I WILL HAVE DONE IT, ACH DER FUEHRER WILL BE PROUD OF ME

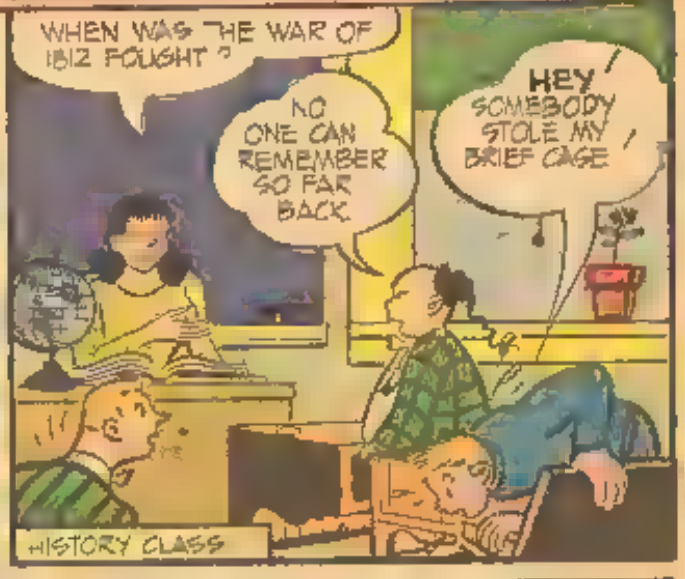

IN THE PRINCIPALS OFFICE
I SUGGEST YOU GO FROM ROOM TO ROOM NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE CASE IT LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK
I'LL TRY TO CLEAN IT UP
LIKE OLD TIMES FIRST DAY BACK TO SCHOOL AND WE'RE IN THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE ALREADY

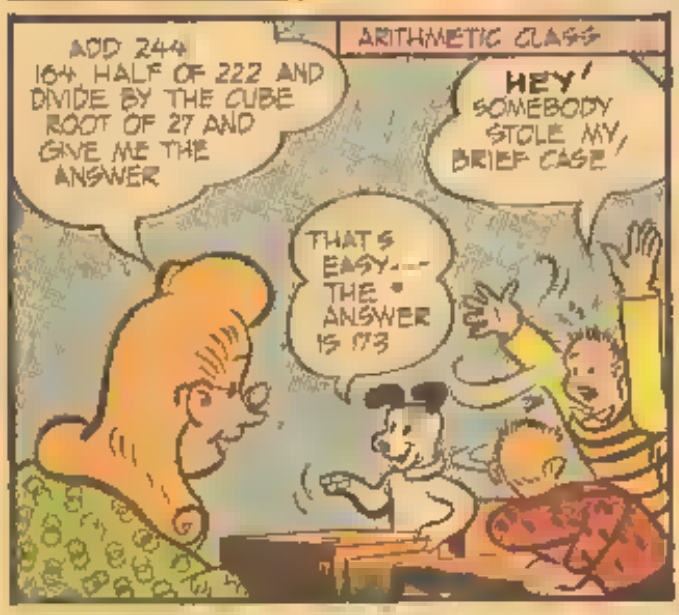

IT MIGHT BE AN INSIDE JOB LET'S MINGLE WITH THE STUDENTS TO GET INFORMATION
SUGGEST WE PUT ON DISGUISE OTHERWISE PEOPLE WONDER WHAT WE DOING HERE
THE ONLY THING THEY'LL WONDER ABOUT IS HOW YOU EVER GOT OUT OF FIRST GRADE

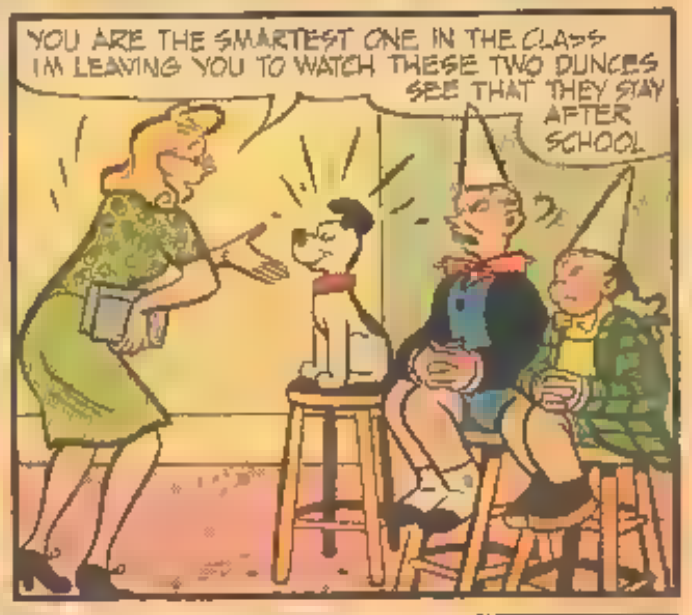

CLEVERLY DISGUISED OUR HEROES GO TO WORK
RICHARD RICHARD YOU! NAUGHTY BOY WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING? FIFTEEN YEARS AGO I TOLD YOU TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL NOW GET BACK INTO THAT CLASSROOM

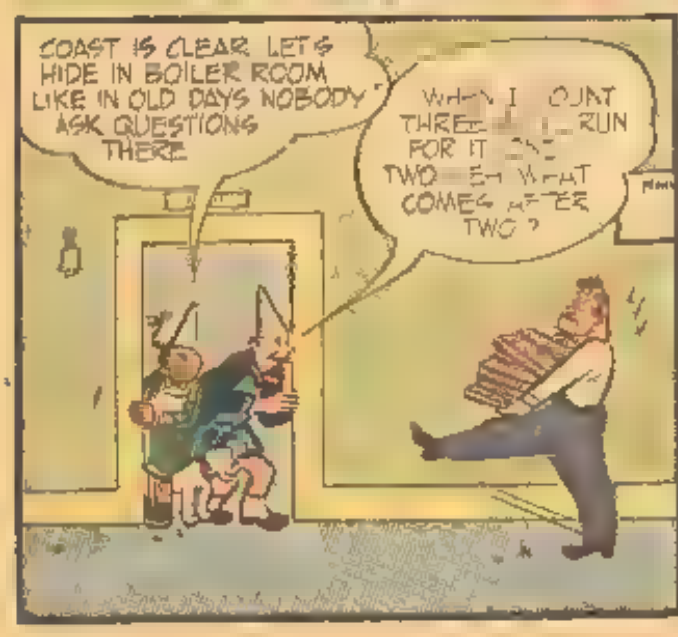
RICHARD RICHARD AND COMPANY DESPERATELY SEARCH FOR A CLUE

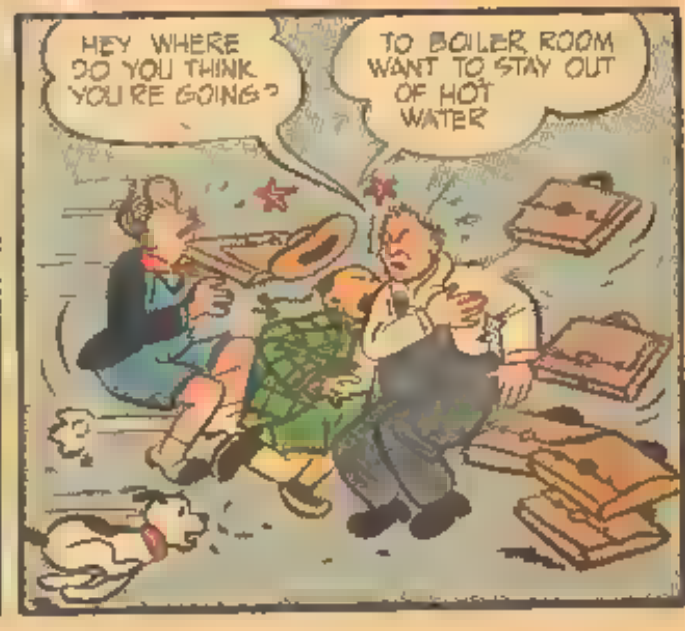


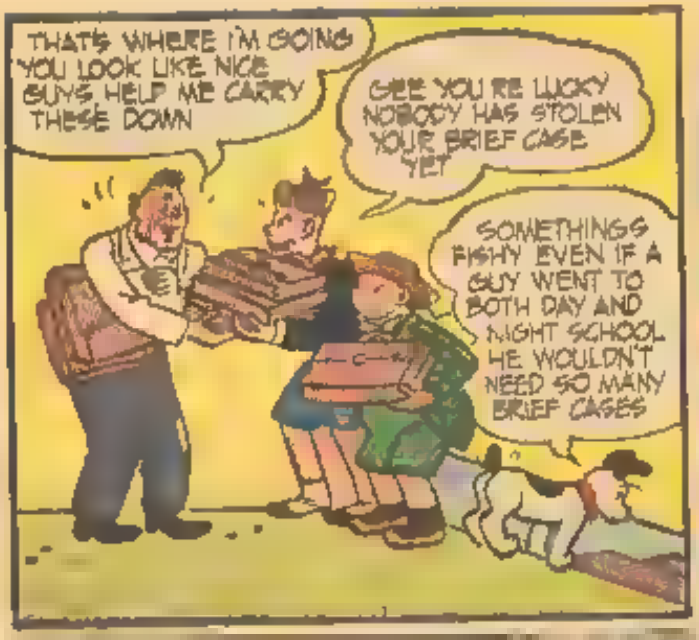


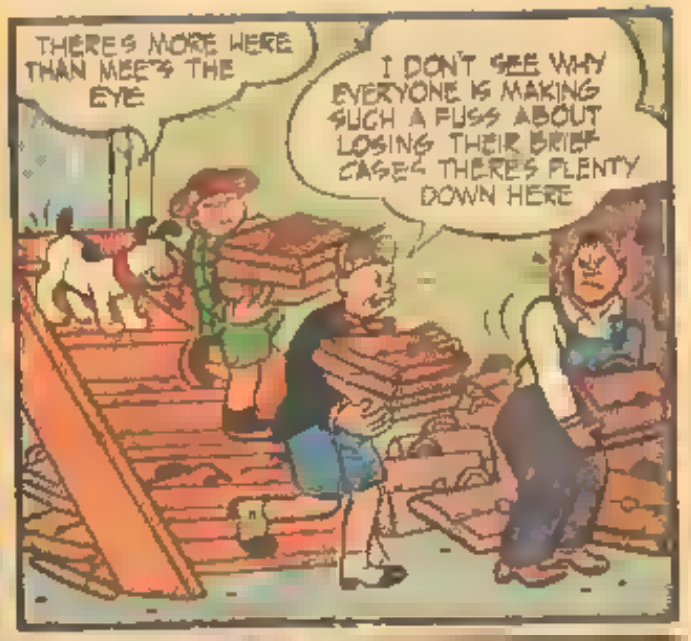


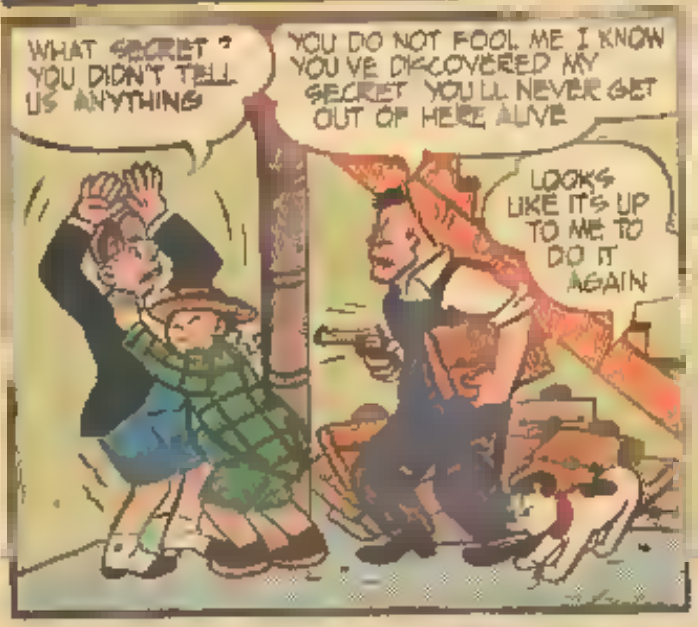


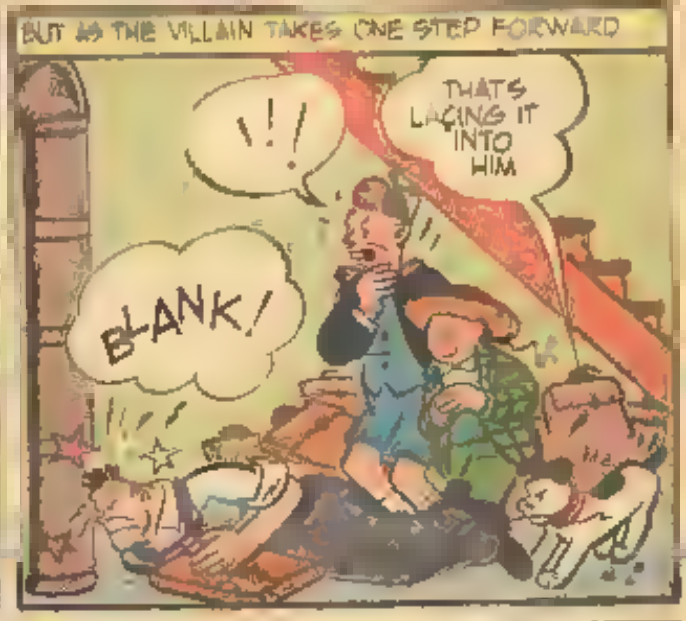


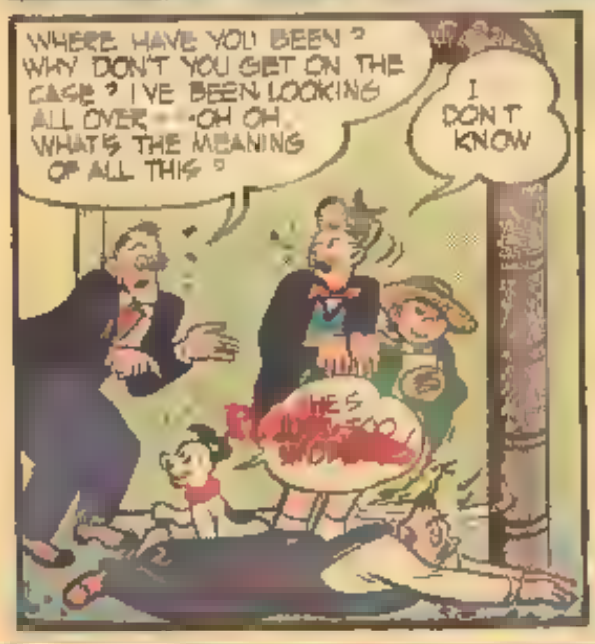


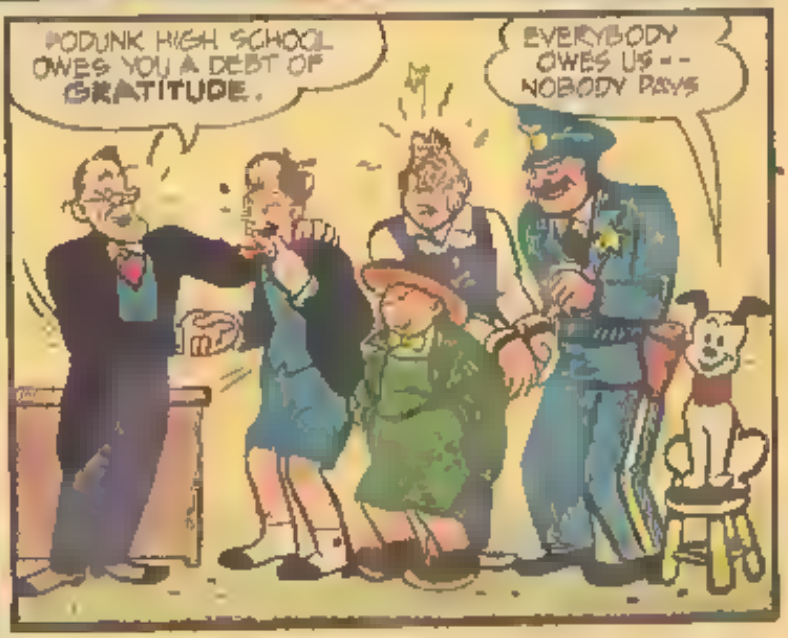

THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING YOU LOOK LIKE NICE BUYS HELP ME CARRY THESE DOWN
GEE YOU'RE LUCKY NOBODY HAS STOLEN YOUR BRIEF CASE YET
SOMETHINGS FISHY EVEN IF A GUY WENT TO BOTH DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL HE WOULDN'T NEED SO MANY BRIEF CASES


THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEET'S THE EYE
I DON'T SEE WHY EVERYONE IS MAKING SUCH A FUSS ABOUT LOSING THEIR BRIEF CASES THERES PLENTY DOWN HERE


WHAT SECRET ? YOU DIDN'T TELL US ANYTHING
YOU DO NOT FOOL ME I KNOW YOU'VE DISCOVERED MY SECRET YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE
LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO ME TO DO IT AGAIN


BUT AS THE VILLAIN TAKES ONE STEP FORWARD
!!
THAT'S LACING IT INTO HIM
BLANK!


WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ? WHY DON'T YOU GET ON THE CASE ? I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER - - OH OH WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS ?
I DON'T KNOW
HE'S


PODUNK HIGH SCHOOL OWES YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.
EVERYBODY OWES US - - NOBODY PAYS

MR. SCARLET and PINKY

PUT OUT OF BUSINESS BY **HIMSELF** ----AS MR SCARLET,--BRIAN BUTLER IS FORCED TO SEEK A MENIAL MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD BUT HIS FIRST LUNCH HOUR BECOMES AN ADVENTURE OF 60 THRILLING MINUTES, AS MR SCARLET RED-ROBED CRUSADER OF JUSTICE HE FOLLOWS THE CLUES OF THE CLOCK CRIME 3600 TICKING SECONDS OF MENACE!-- --60 FLYING MINUTES OF DANGER!---- --ONE HOUR OF SMASHING CRASHING BATTLE AGAINST CRIMEDOMS MOST MYSTERIOUS DENIZEN----- **THE BLACK HOUR!** AND WITH MR SCARLET IS PINKY TO THE VERY END---- AND TO THE MOST ASTOUNDING REVELATION EVER RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME!

SO WE FIND BRIAN BUTLER MEEKLY STARTING A JOB WITH THE LAW FIRM OF FITCH FITCH FITCH AND TWIDDLE!

WHAT A MUSTY OLD PLACE TO WORK FOR BRIAN! IT'S LIKE BEING BURIED ALIVE

QUITE PINKY!

AHEM! IT'S NOON MR BUTLER! YOU MAY TAKE ONE HOUR FOR LUNCH BUT EXACTLY 60 MINUTES-NO MORE IF YOU ARE **ONE SECOND LATE,** WE WILL ASK YOU TO **LEAVE**

IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU **WERE** FIRED BRIAN YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE SLAVING FOR THIS CHEAP OLD FIRM!

HUSH PINKY! AND LET'S HURRY WITH LUNCH SO I WON'T BE LATE

PINKY ANNOUNCES A SUDDEN DISCOVERY!

HEY, LOOK BRIAN! SOMEONE SLIPPED A PAPER UNDER OUR DOOR! IT HAS A DESIGN ON IT!

LET ME SEE IT PINKY! I CAN'T WASTE TOO MUCH TIME WITH IT!

A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE FROM THE UNDERWORLD!

The chase of the Black Crime, has one hour about! that long as 12 moves, as Brian will answer — the man would have ALL is challenge the hour to stop me! all the clue left on the clock!

THE BLACK HOUR!

A MAN WILL LOSE ALL--- THAT MEANS HIS LIFE MAYBE! BRIAN, WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!

BUT IT MUSN'T INTERFERE WITH THIS JOB! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK ON TIME! LET'S SEE IT'S NOW

---FIVE MINUTES AFTER TWELVE. HURRY PINKY----INTO OUR OTHER CLOTHES!

ONLY SECONDS PASS OF PRECIOUS TIME AS THE CRIMSON-ROBED KNIGHTS OF JUSTICE APPEAR --- MR SCARLET AND PINKY!

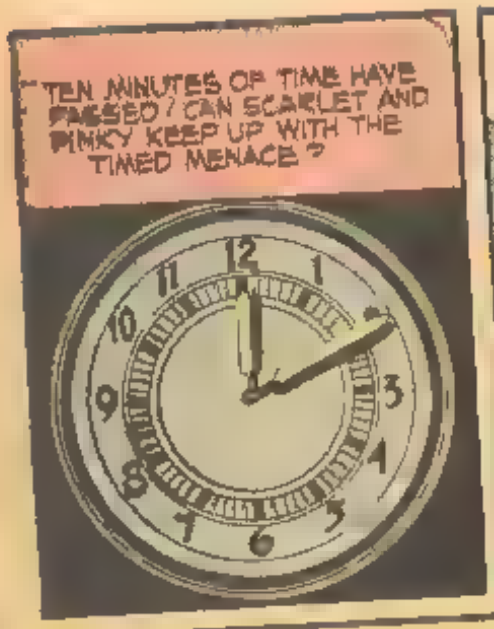
THE FIRST CLUE IS MARKED AT 8 MINUTES! EIGHT? EIGHT? WHAT COULD THAT NUMBER MEAN?

I GOT IT, SCARLET! THE FIGURE EIGHT IS COMPOSED OF TWO CROSSING LOOPS--- LIKE A KID'S TOY RAILROAD TRACKS! THAT INDICATES THE RAILROAD YARDS!

THEY HASTEN TO THE RAILROAD YARDS

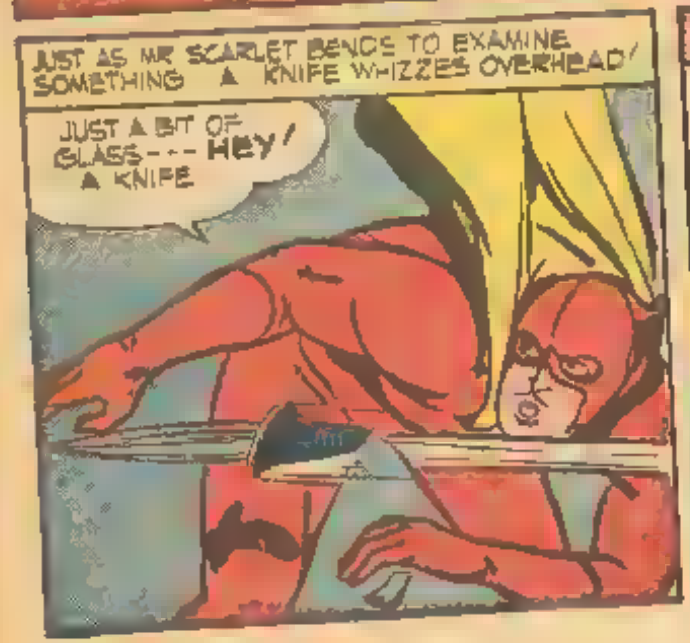
THE NEXT CLUE IS NUMBER 11 ON THE CLOCK!

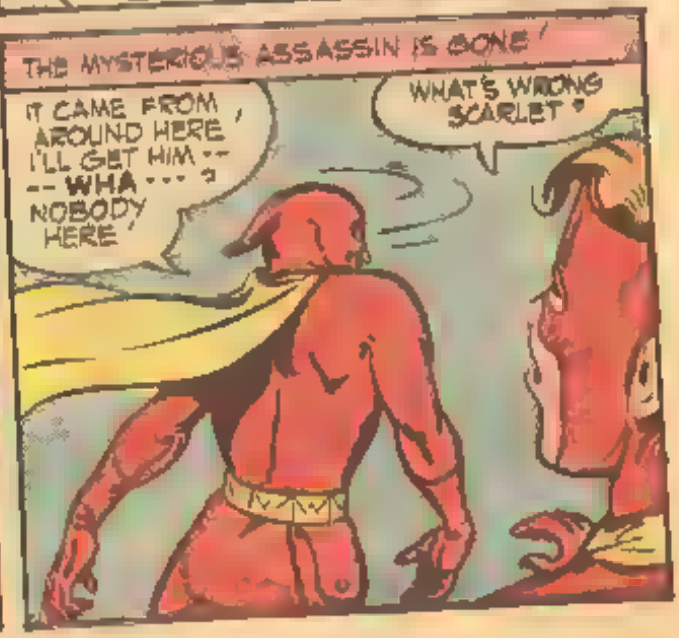
--WHICH MEANS TWO PARALLEL LINES---- OR TRACKS! WE SEARCH THE TRACKS NEXT!


TEN MINUTES OF TIME HAVE PASSED! CAN SCARLET AND PINKY KEEP UP WITH THE TIMED MENACE?

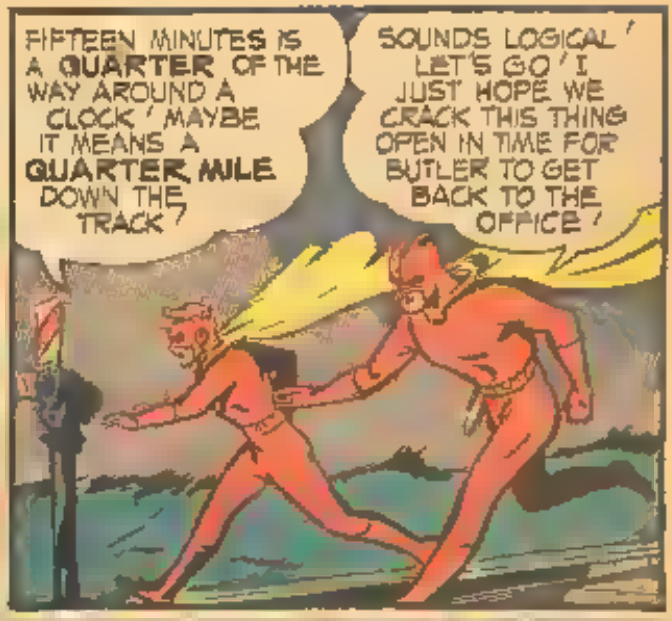
SEARCH THE TRACKS PINKY! YOU GO THAT WAY!
OKAY SCARLET! BUT WATCH FOR THAT NUMBER 13! THIRTEEN MEANS BAD LUCK!---- OR, DANGER!

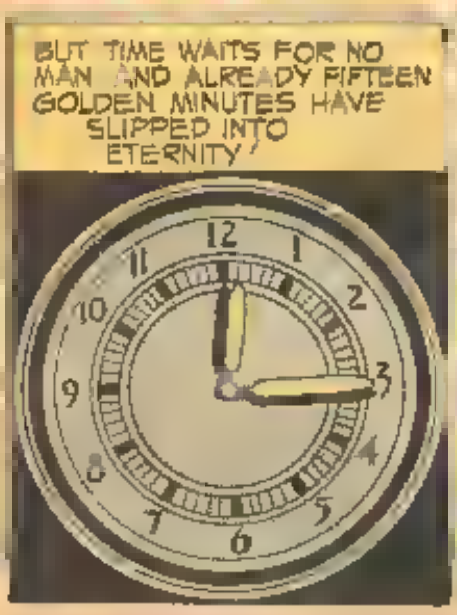
GOING ONE WAY ALONE MR SCARLET GLANCES AROUND NERVOUSLY BECAUSE OF PINKY'S WARNING!
I FEEL AS IF EYES ARE ON ME!

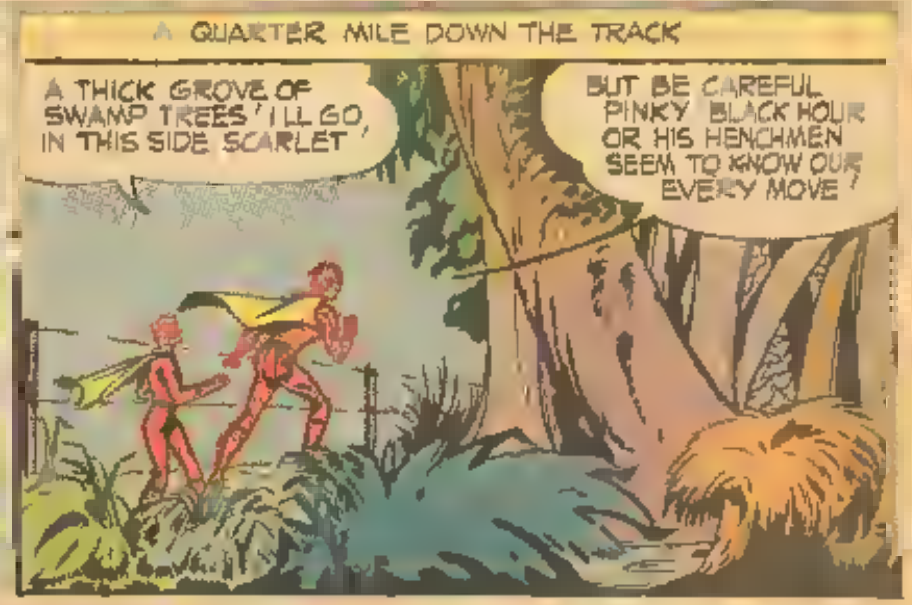

JUST AS MR SCARLET BENDS TO EXAMINE SOMETHING A KNIFE WHIZZES OVERHEAD!
JUST A BIT OF GLASS--- HEY! A KNIFE


THE MYSTERIOUS ASSASSIN IS GONE!
IT CAME FROM AROUND HERE! I'LL GET HIM -- -- WHA--- ? NOBODY HERE!
WHAT'S WRONG SCARLET?

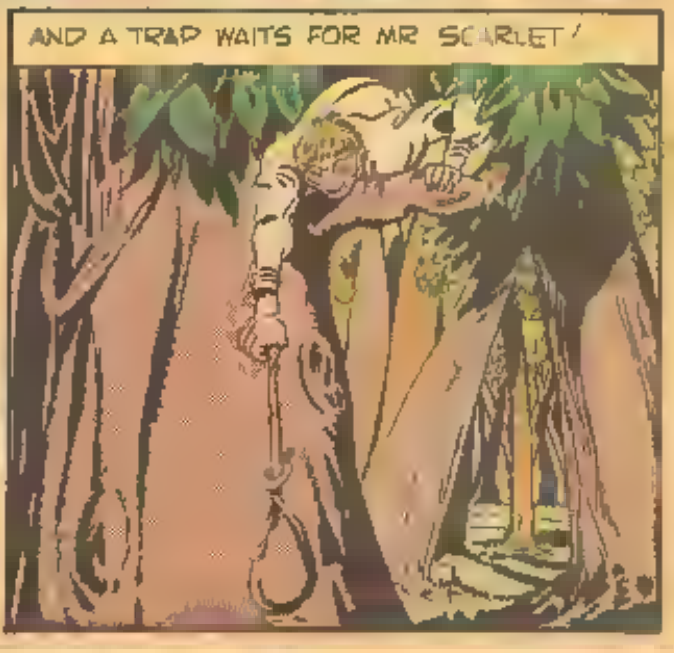
IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BLACK HOUR, WHOEVER HE IS -- -TRYING TO SCARE ME OFF! BUT NO MATTER! DID YOU FIND ANYTHING ON THE TRACK PINKY?
NARY A THING! BUT THE NEXT CLUE IS FIFTEEN! HMMM! LET, ME THINK!

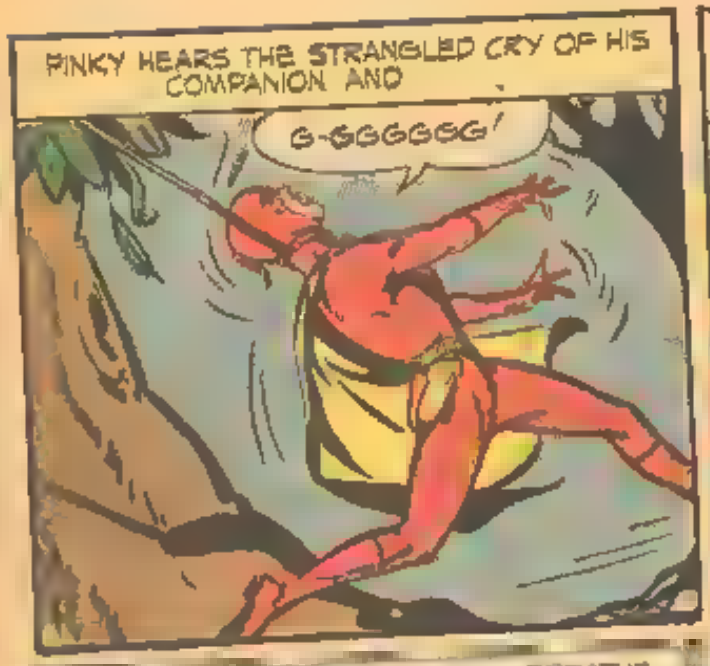

FIFTEEN MINUTES IS A QUARTER OF THE WAY AROUND A CLOCK! MAYBE IT MEANS A QUARTER MILE DOWN THE TRACK?
SOUNDS LOGICAL! LET'S GO! I JUST HOPE WE CRACK THIS THING OPEN IN TIME FOR BUTLER TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE!

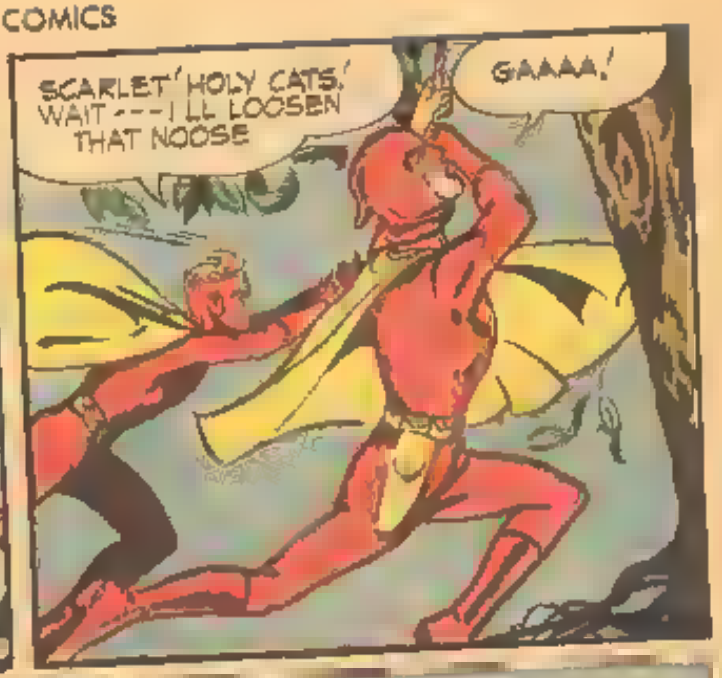

BUT TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN AND ALREADY FIFTEEN GOLDEN MINUTES HAVE SLIPPED INTO ETERNITY!

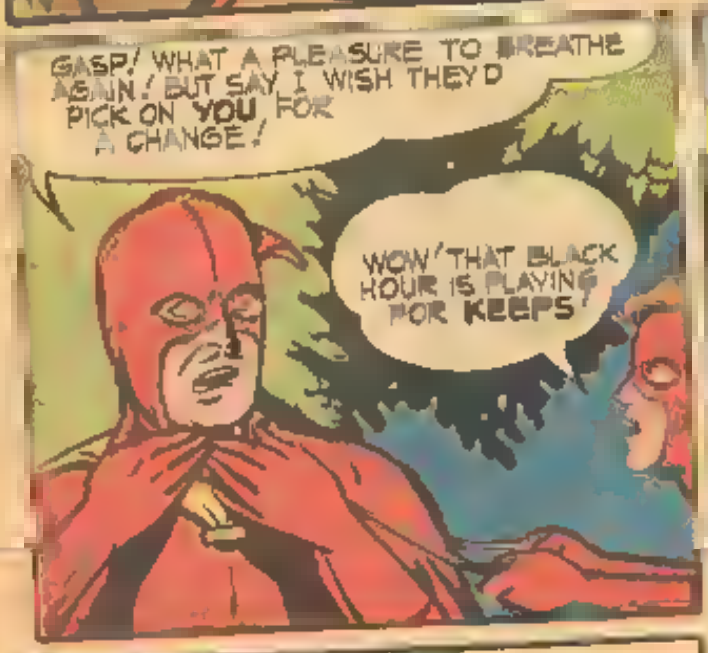

A QUARTER MILE DOWN THE TRACK
A THICK GROVE OF SWAMP TREES! I'LL GO, IN THIS SIDE SCARLET!
BUT BE CAREFUL PINKY BLACK HOUR OR HIS HENCHMEN SEEM TO KNOW OUR EVERY MOVE!

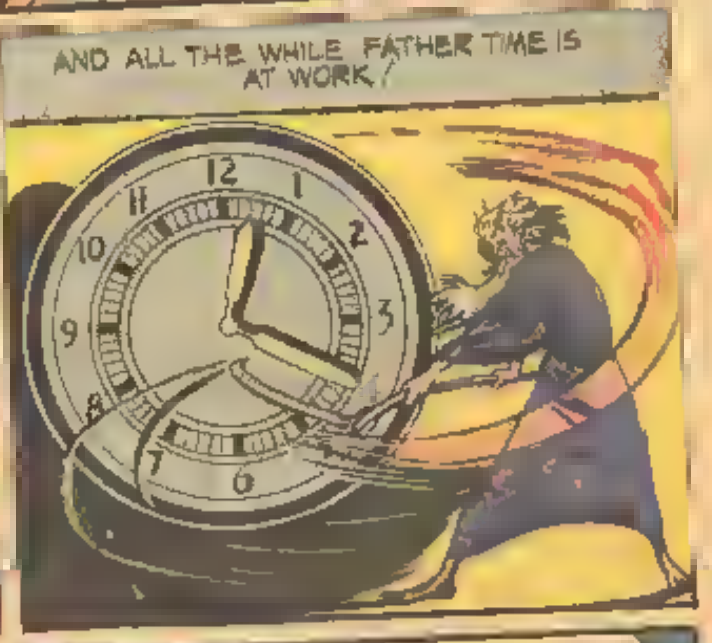
SINISTER EYES WATCH FROM A THICKET!

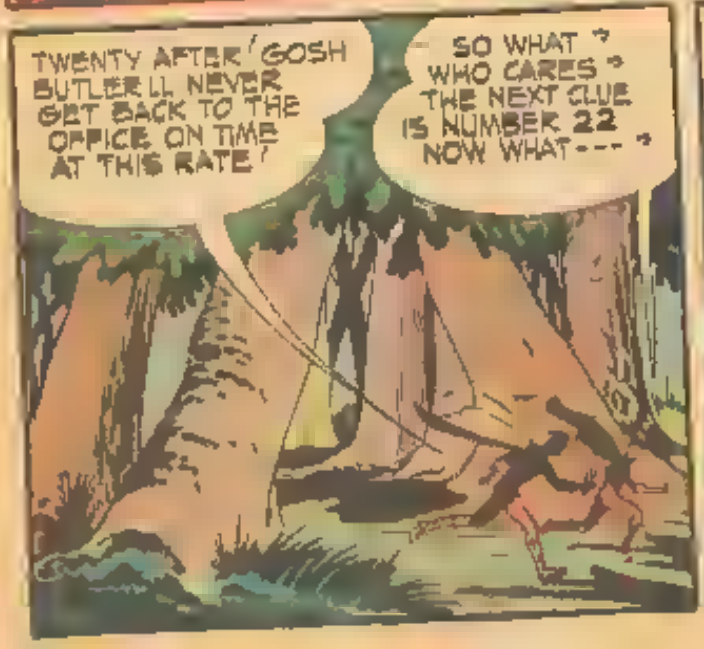

AND A TRAP WAITS FOR MR SCARLET!


PINKY HEARS THE STRANGLED CRY OF HIS COMPANION AND
G-GGGGGG!


SCARLET! HOLY CATS! WAIT---I'LL LOOSEN THAT NOOSE
GAAAA!

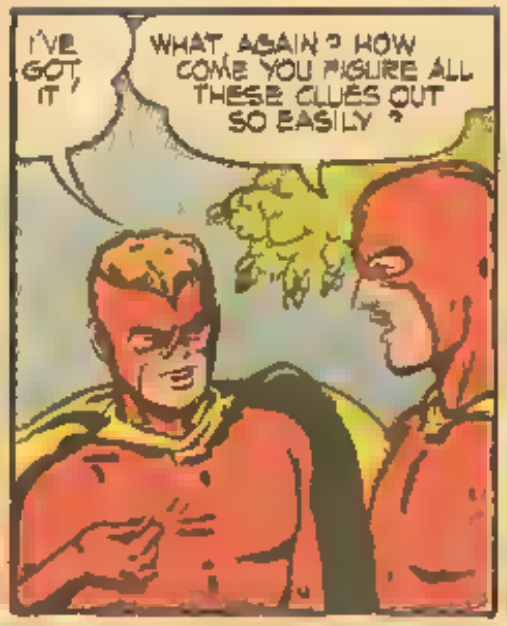

GASP! WHAT A PLEASURE TO BREATHE AGAIN! BUT SAY I WISH THEY'D PICK ON YOU FOR A CHANGE!
WOW! THAT BLACK HOUR IS PLAYING FOR KEEPS!

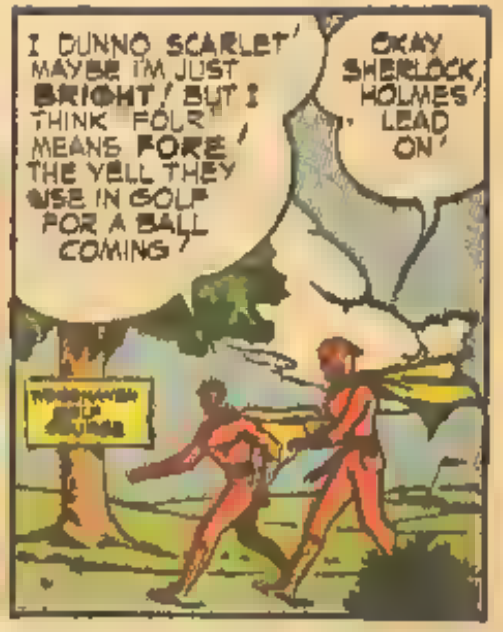

AND ALL THE WHILE FATHER TIME IS AT WORK!

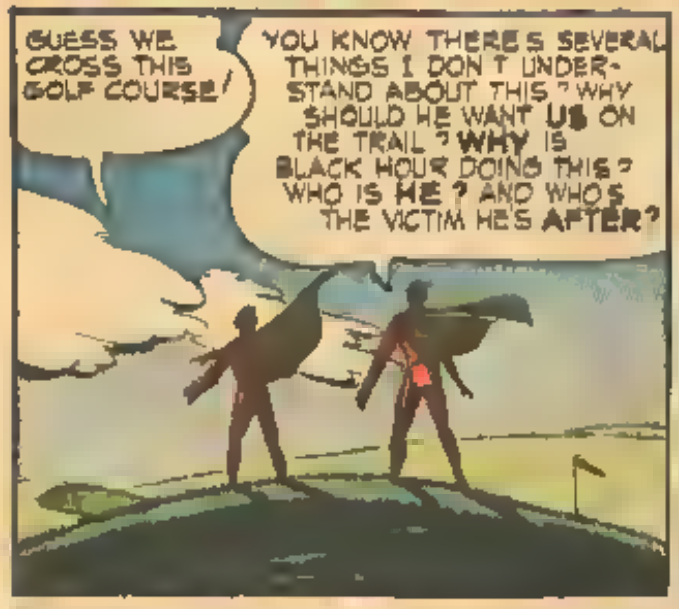

TWENTY AFTER! GOSH BUTLER'LL NEVER GET BACK TO THE OFFICE ON TIME AT THIS RATE!
SO WHAT? WHO CARES? THE NEXT CLUE IS NUMBER 22 NOW WHAT---?

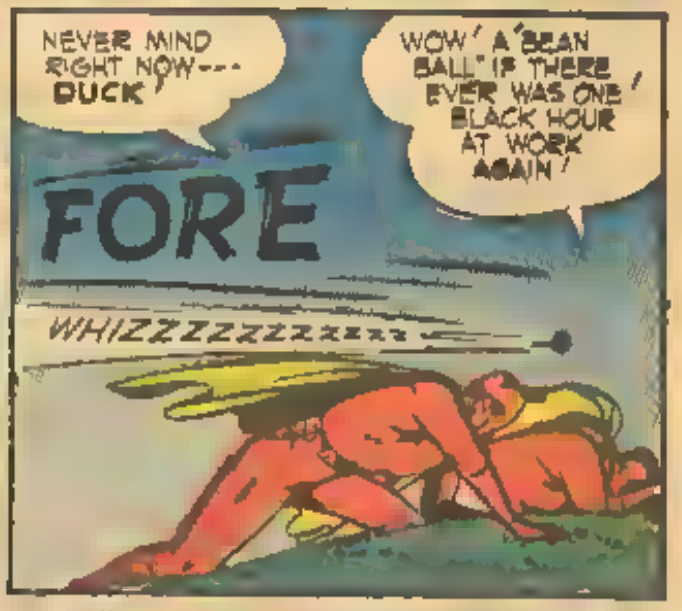
LET ME HANDLE THIS ONE, PINKY! TWENTY-TWO---AH! THAT MUST MEAN TWO PLUS TWO!---WHICH EQUALS THE PROVERBIAL FOUR! BUT FOUR WHAT? FOUR WHO? FOUR WHERE?

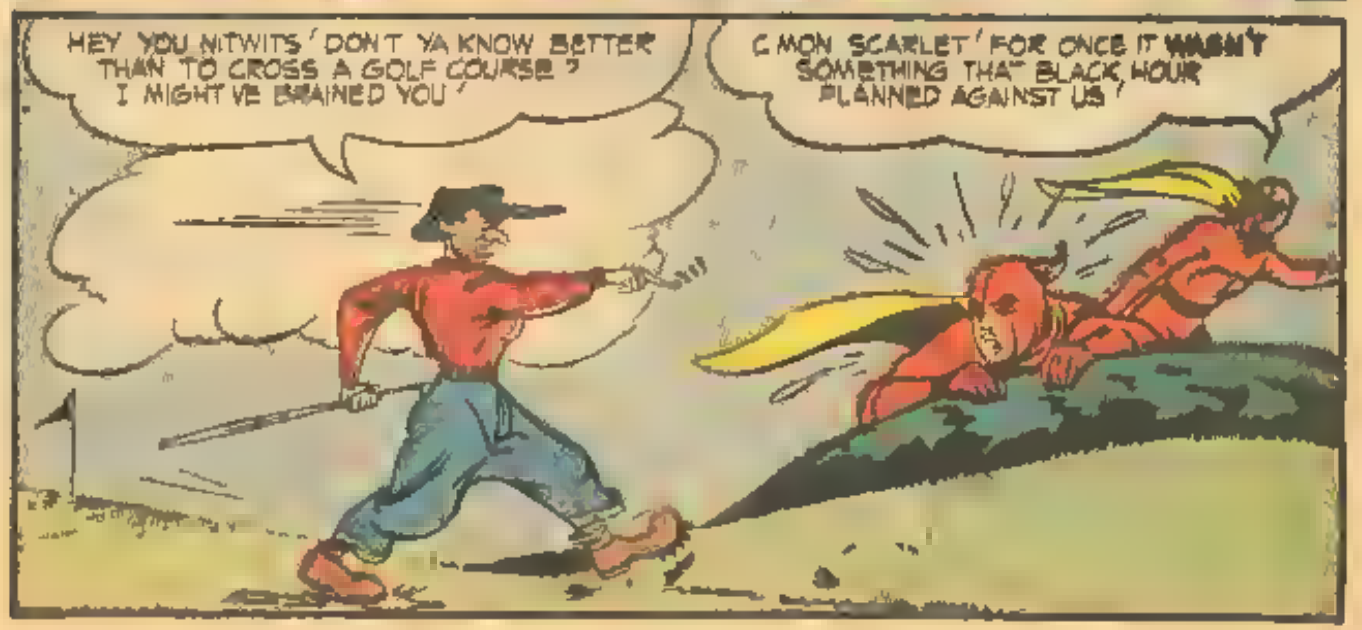
TWENTY-FIVE AFTER! THIS CLUE HAS STUMPED US FOR FIVE MINUTES! FOUR? FOUR? WHAT CAN IT MEAN?


I'VE GOT IT!
WHAT AGAIN? HOW COME YOU FIGURE ALL THESE CLUES OUT SO EASILY?

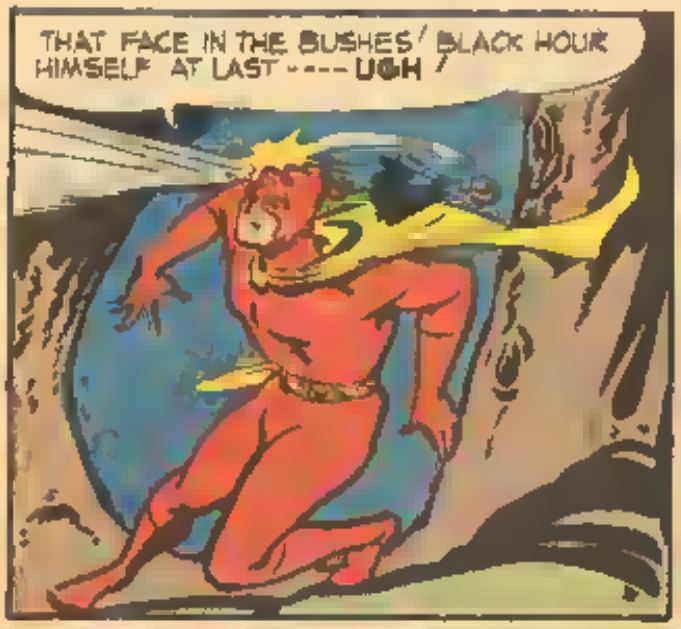

I DUNNO SCARLET! MAYBE I'M JUST BRIGHT! BUT I THINK "FOUR" MEANS FORE! THE YELL THEY USE IN GOLF FOR A BALL COMING!
OKAY SHERLOCK HOLMES! LEAD ON!

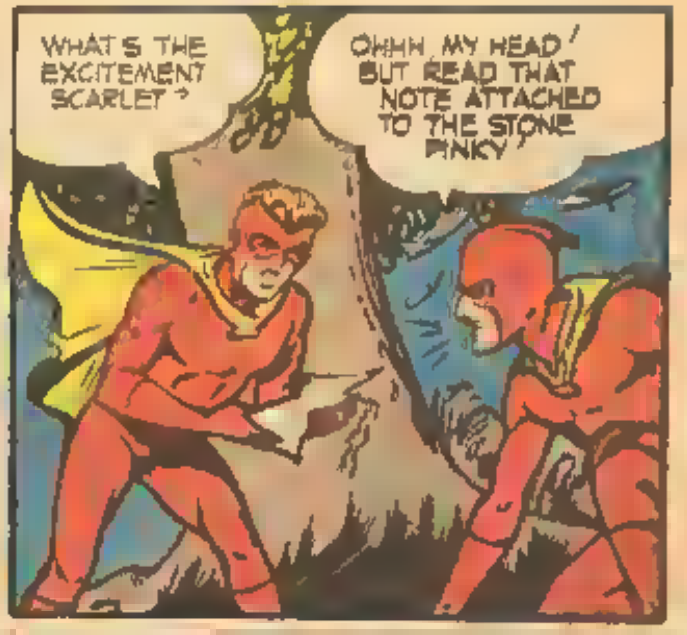

GUESS WE CROSS THIS GOLF COURSE!
YOU KNOW THERE'S SEVERAL THINGS I DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT THIS! WHY SHOULD HE WANT US ON THE TRAIL? WHY IS BLACK HOUR DOING THIS? WHO IS HE? AND WHO'S THE VICTIM HE'S AFTER?

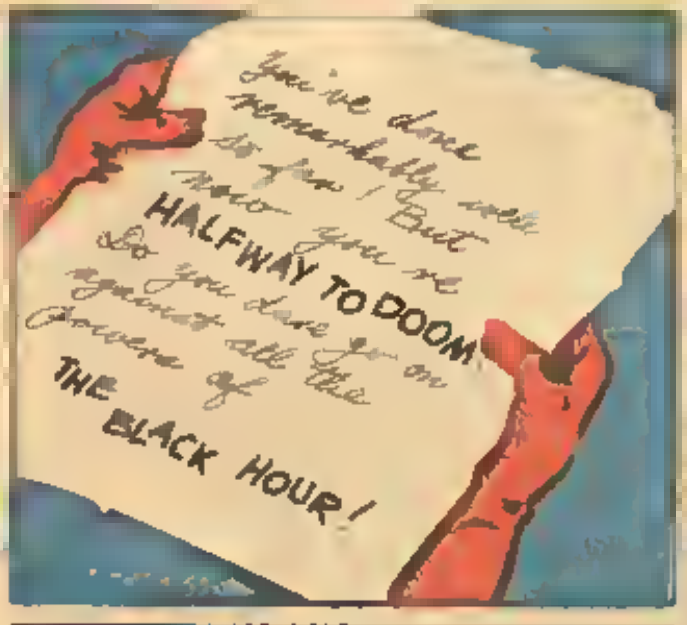

NEVER MIND RIGHT NOW--- DUCK!
WOW! A "BEAN BALL" IF THERE EVER WAS ONE! BLACK HOUR AT WORK AGAIN!
FORE
WHIZZZZZZZZZZZZ

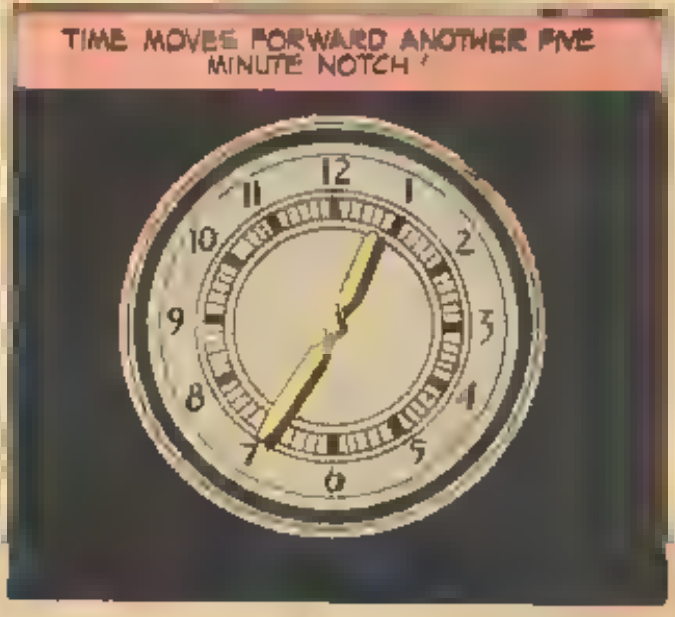

HEY YOU NITWITS! DON'T YA KNOW BETTER THAN TO CROSS A GOLF COURSE? I MIGHT'VE BRAINED YOU!
C'MON SCARLET! FOR ONCE IT WASN'T SOMETHING THAT BLACK HOUR PLANNED AGAINST US!

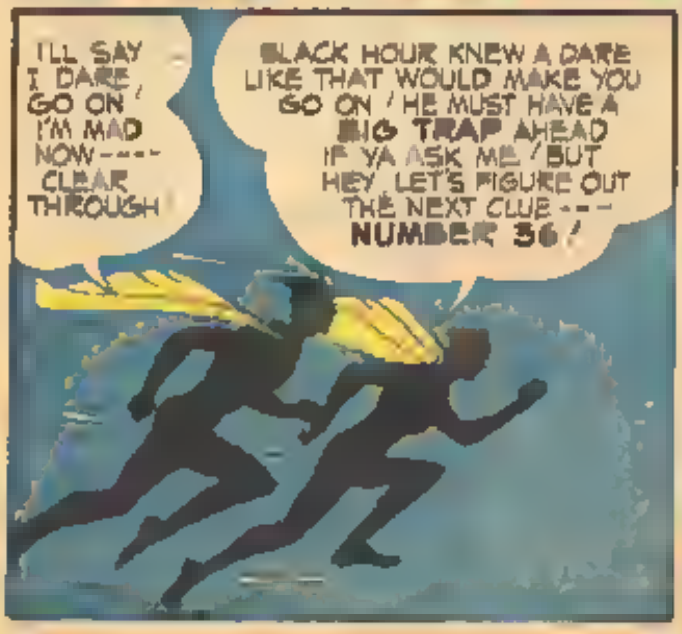
ARE THE CRIME-BUSTING PAIR WINNING OR LOSING THEIR RACE AGAINST INEXORABLE TIME?
TWELVE--THIRTY! THE HALF-WAY MARK ON THE CLOCK! NOW WHAT IN THUNDER WOULD THE NUMBER THIRTY MEAN? IT'S ONE OF THE CLUES!
COULD IT MEAN HALFWAY TO SOMETHING?
IT COULD MEAN BLACK HOUR IS GOING TO MEET US HALFWAY! QUICK PINKY HIDE BEHIND A TREE! WE'LL WATCH FOR HIM!
BUT THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK HOUR IS HIMSELF ON WATCH!
WHUNG


THAT FACE IN THE BUSHES! BLACK HOUR HIMSELF AT LAST ---- UGH!

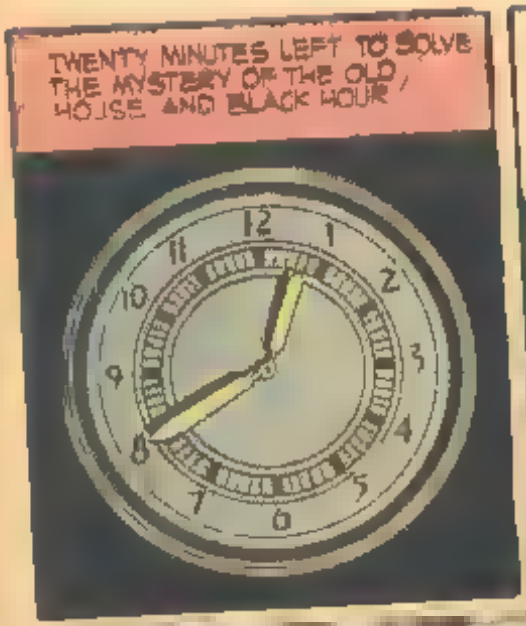

WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT SCARLET?
OHHH, MY HEAD! BUT READ THAT NOTE ATTACHED TO THE STONE PINKY!

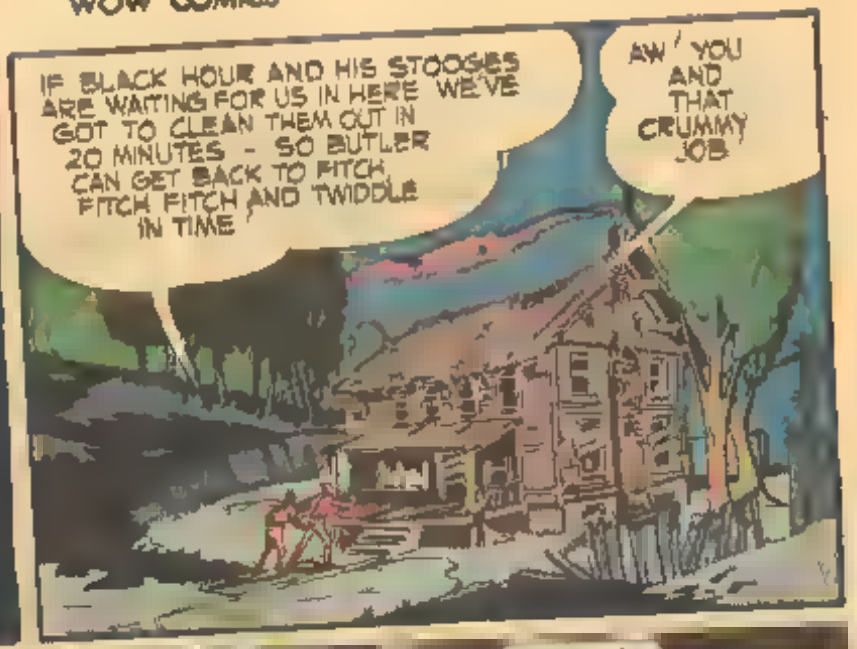

You've done remarkably well so far! But now you're HALFWAY TO DOOM! So you dare go on against all the powers of THE BLACK HOUR!


TIME MOVES FORWARD ANOTHER FIVE MINUTE NOTCH!


I'LL SAY I DARE! GO ON! I'M MAD NOW ---- CLEAR THROUGH!
BLACK HOUR KNEW A DARE LIKE THAT WOULD MAKE YOU GO ON! HE MUST HAVE A BIG TRAP AHEAD IF YA ASK ME! BUT HEY, LET'S FIGURE OUT THE NEXT CLUE --- NUMBER 36!

36! 36! THAT'S THREE FEET ---- OR A YARD!
AND LOOK---THERE'S AN OLD HOUSE AHEAD WITH A YARD! SO IT MEANS THE OLD HOUSE IS WHAT WE WANT!

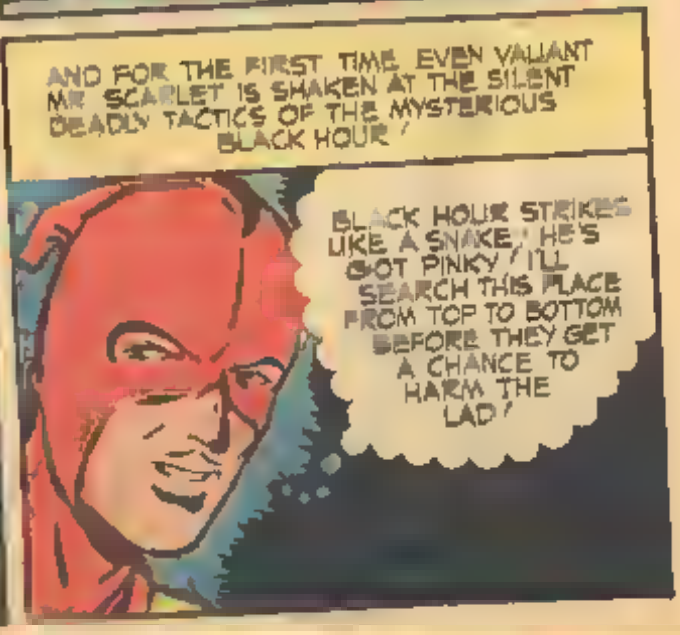

TWENTY MINUTES LEFT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD HOUSE AND BLACK HOUR!

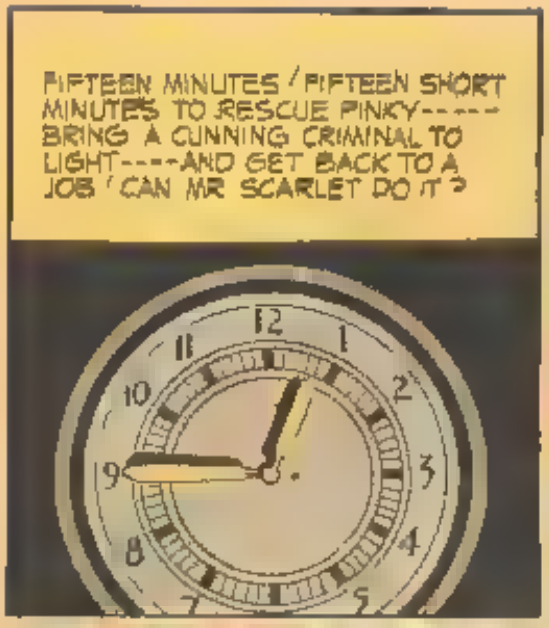

IF BLACK HOUR AND HIS STOOGES ARE WAITING FOR US IN HERE WE'VE GOT TO CLEAN THEM OUT IN 20 MINUTES - SO BUTLER CAN GET BACK TO FITCH FITCH FITCH AND TWIDDLE IN TIME!
AW! YOU AND THAT CRUMMY JOB!

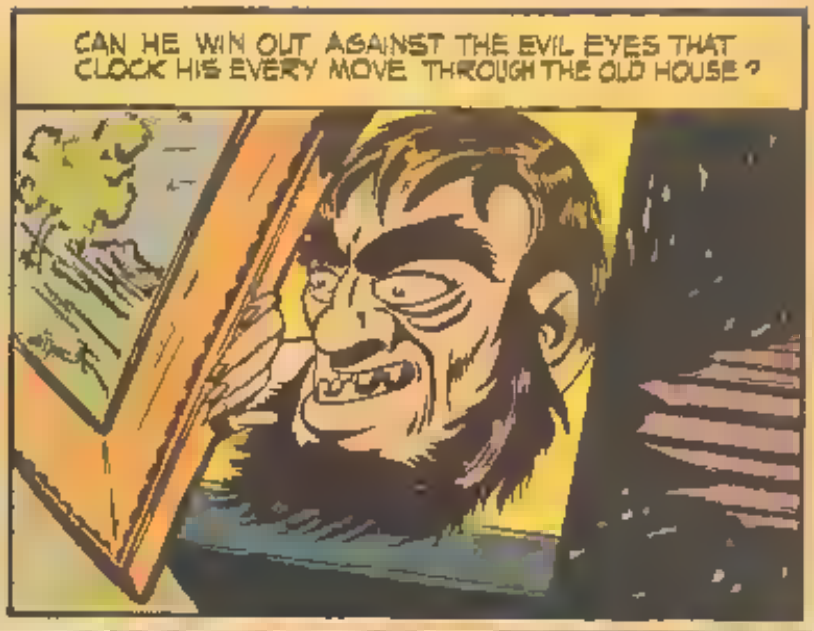
BR-R-R-R-R! WHAT A CREEPY PLACE!
SHHHH! DON'T GIVE US AWAY!

HSST! THIS WAY PINKY!

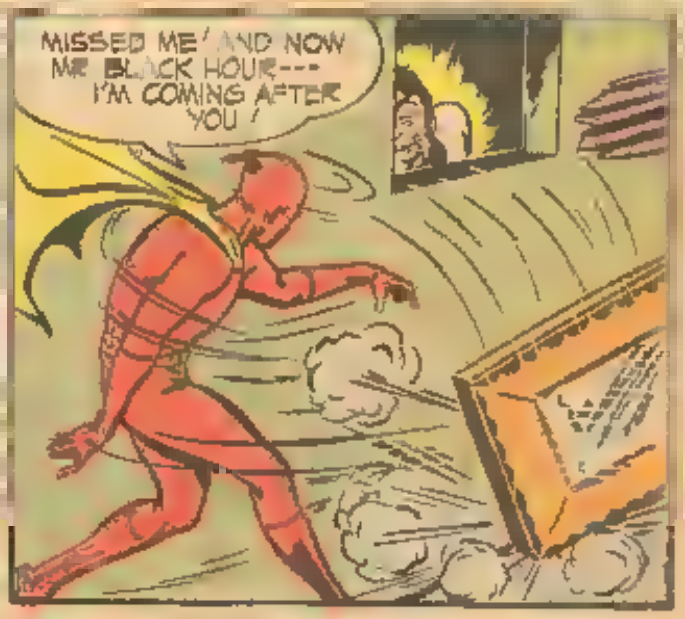
THAT SOUND! ---PINKY HE'S--- HE'S GONE!

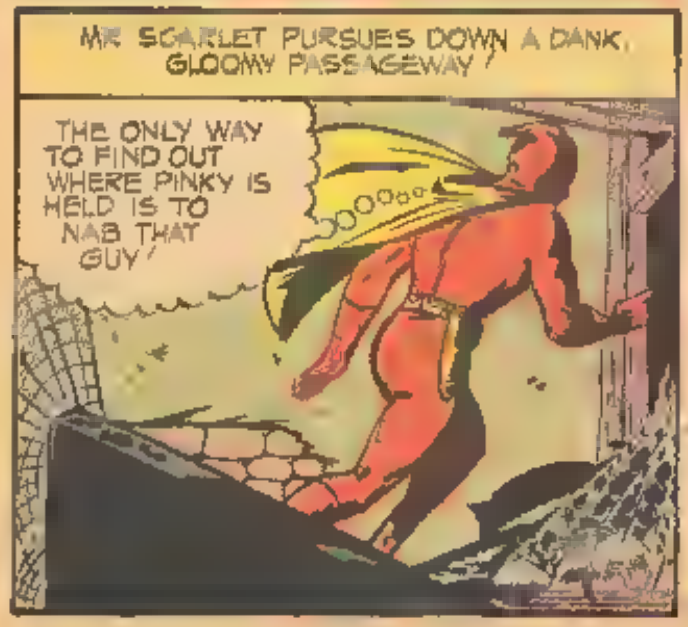

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME EVEN VALIANT MR. SCARLET IS SHAKEN AT THE SILENT DEADLY TACTICS OF THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK HOUR!
BLACK HOUR STRIKES LIKE A SNAKE! HE'S GOT PINKY! I'LL SEARCH THIS PLACE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE TO HARM THE LAD!

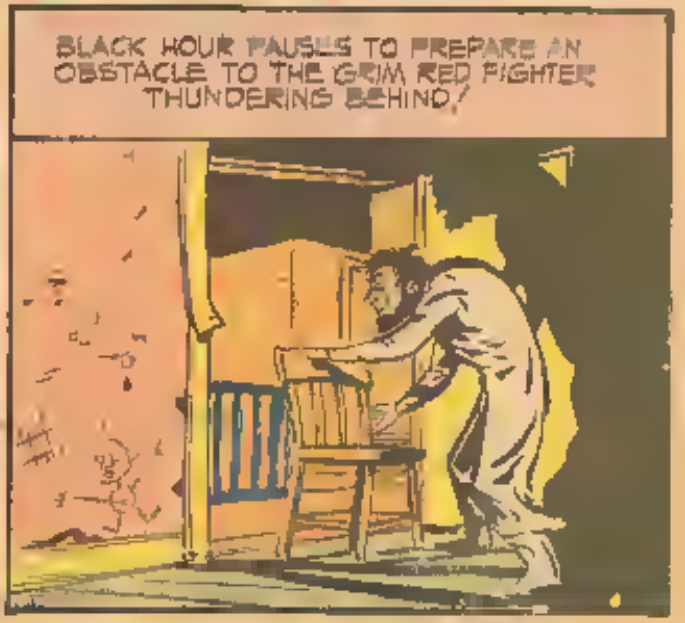

FIFTEEN MINUTES / FIFTEEN SHORT MINUTES TO RESCUE PINKY----- BRING A CUNNING CRIMINAL TO LIGHT----AND GET BACK TO A JOB / CAN MR SCARLET DO IT ?

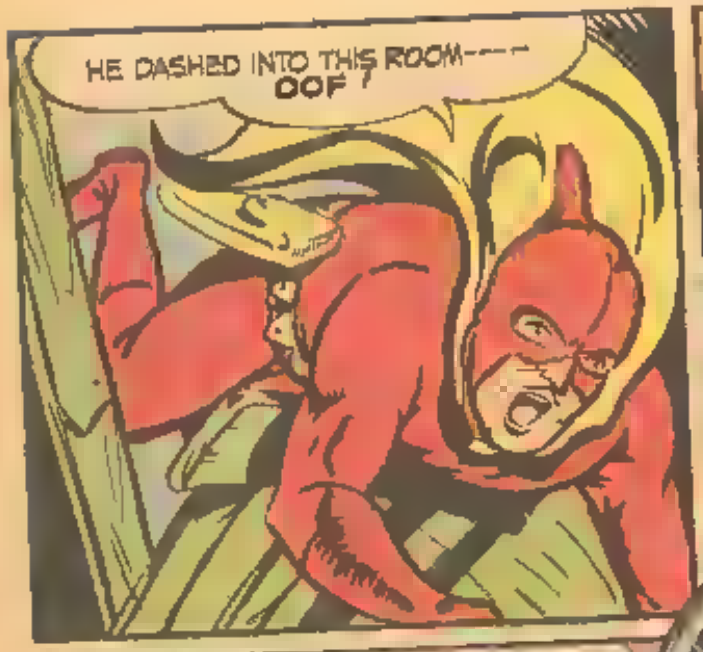

CAN HE WIN OUT AGAINST THE EVIL EYES THAT CLOCK HIS EVERY MOVE THROUGH THE OLD HOUSE ?

WHA---?


MISSED ME / AND NOW MR BLACK HOUR--- I'M COMING AFTER YOU /


MR SCARLET PURSUES DOWN A DANK, GLOOMY PASSAGEWAY /
THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT WHERE PINKY IS HELD IS TO NAB THAT GUY /

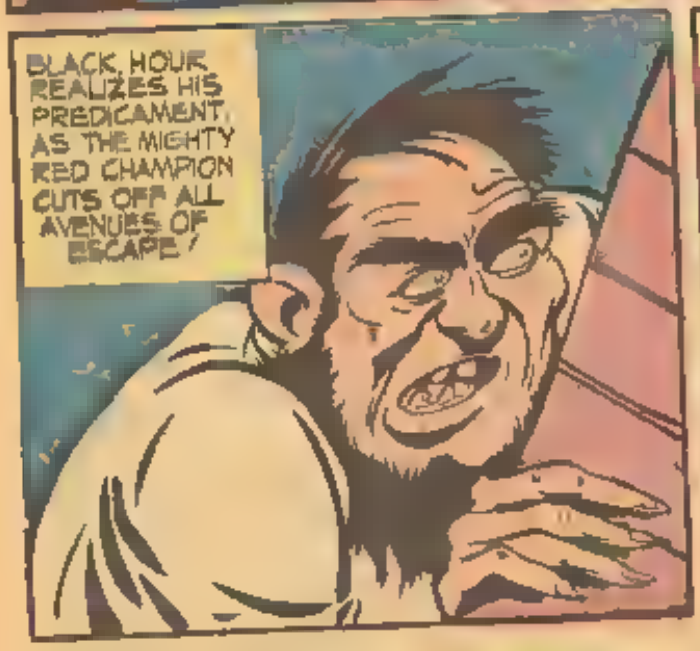

BLACK HOUR PAUSES TO PREPARE AN OBSTACLE TO THE GRIM RED FIGHTER THUNDERING BEHIND /

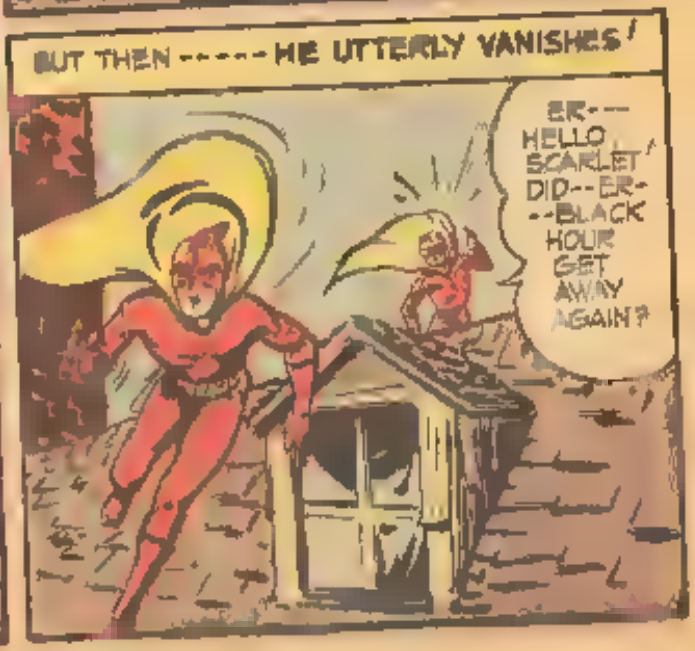

HE DASHED INTO THIS ROOM----
OOF!

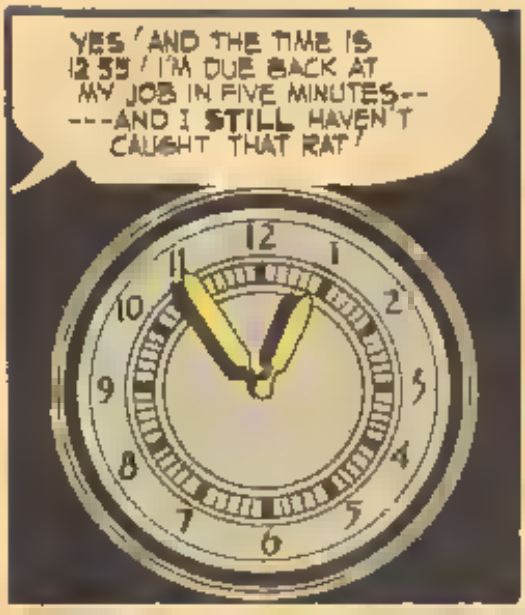
NEARLY BROKE MY NECK! BUT THERE HE GOES--UP THE CHIMNEY OF THE FIREPLACE!

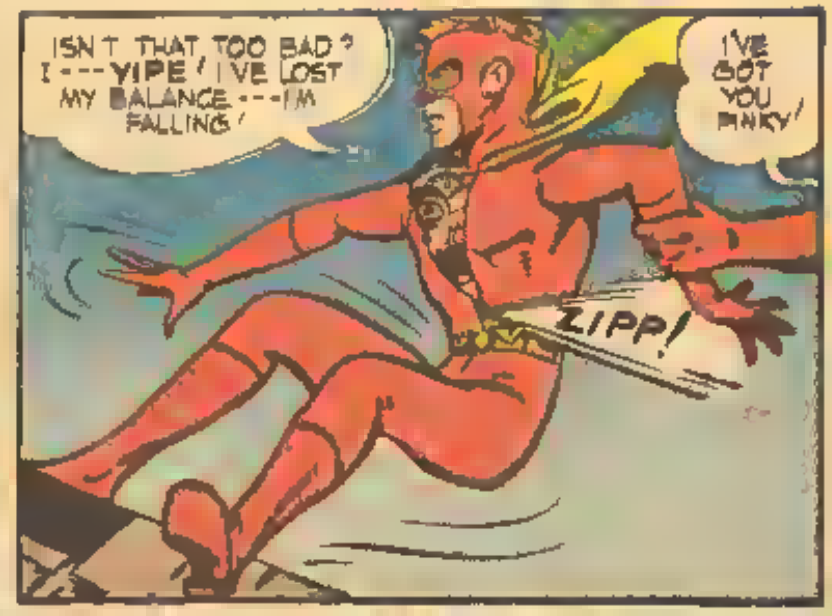
PUFF! RIGHT AFTER HIM! I'LL WEAR HIM DOWN! BUT WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS NOW?

HE'S TRAPPED NOW ON THE ROOF! AND TIME'S SHORT--
--SO THE SOONER THE BETTER!

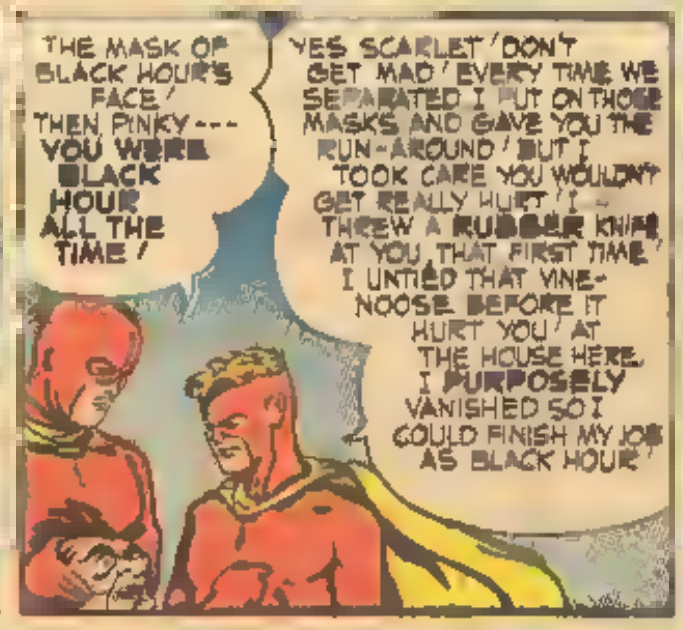

BLACK HOUR REALIZES HIS PREDICAMENT, AS THE MIGHTY RED CHAMPION CUTS OFF ALL AVENUES OF ESCAPE!

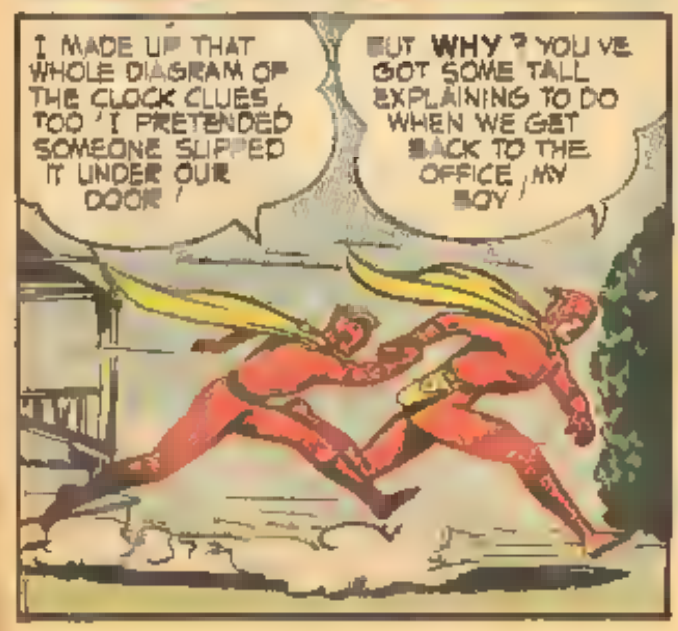

BUT THEN-----HE UTTERLY VANISHES!
ER--- HELLO, SCARLET! DID--ER--BLACK HOUR GET AWAY AGAIN?

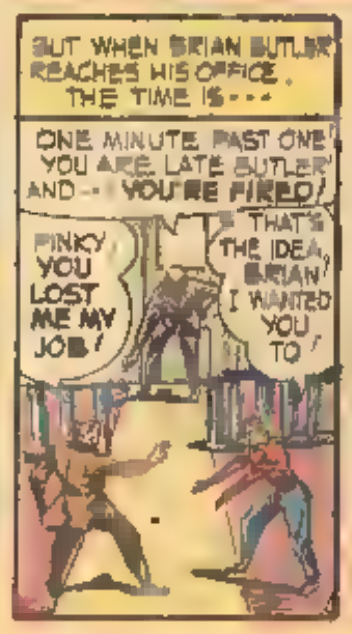

YES! AND THE TIME IS 12:55! I'M DUE BACK AT MY JOB IN FIVE MINUTES--
---AND I STILL HAVEN'T CAUGHT THAT RAT!

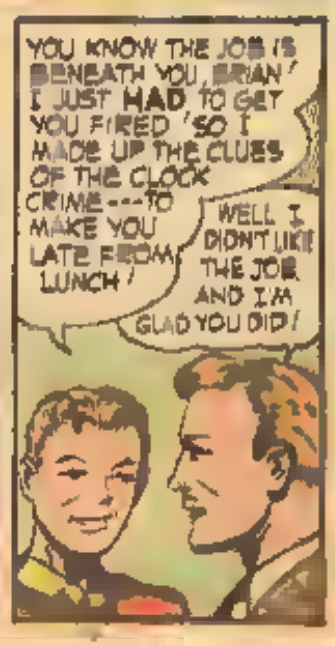

ISN'T THAT TOO BAD? I---YIPE! I'VE LOST MY BALANCE---I'M FALLING!
I'VE GOT YOU PINKY!
ZIPP!

BUT PINKY! WHAT'S FALLING OUT FROM HIDING, UNDER YOUR CLOTHES?
WHY--UM--ER--UH--!


THE MASK OF BLACK HOUR'S FACE! THEN, PINKY--- YOU WERE BLACK HOUR ALL THE TIME!
YES SCARLET! DON'T GET MAD! EVERY TIME WE SEPARATED I PUT ON THOSE MASKS AND GAVE YOU THE RUN-AROUND! BUT I TOOK CARE YOU WOULDN'T GET REALLY HURT! I--THREW A RUBBER KNIFE AT YOU, THAT FIRST TIME! I UNTIED THAT VINE-NOOSE BEFORE IT HURT YOU! AT THE HOUSE HERE, I PURPOSELY VANISHED SO I COULD FINISH MY JOB AS BLACK HOUR!


I MADE UP THAT WHOLE DIAGRAM OF THE CLOCK CLUES, TOO! I PRETENDED SOMEONE SLIPPED IT UNDER OUR DOOR!
BUT WHY? YOU'VE GOT SOME TALL EXPLAINING TO DO WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE OFFICE, MY BOY!


BUT WHEN BRIAN BUTLER REACHES HIS OFFICE, THE TIME IS---
ONE MINUTE PAST ONE! YOU ARE LATE BUTLER! AND--! YOU'RE FIRED!
PINKY! YOU LOST ME MY JOB!
THAT'S THE IDEA, BRIAN! I WANTED YOU TO!


YOU KNOW THE JOB IS BENEATH YOU, BRIAN! I JUST HAD TO GET YOU FIRED! SO I MADE UP THE CLUES OF THE CLOCK CRIME---TO MAKE YOU LATE FROM LUNCH!
WELL I DIDN'T LIKE THE JOB AND I'M GLAD YOU DID!

YOU DON'T SCARE US, YOU NAZI MURDERERS! WE'LL LICK YOU BECAUSE— AMERICANS ARE BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!
KEEP THE SPIRIT OF '76 ALIVE BY INVESTING $18.75 !!
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT CALLING! EVERY TIME YOU BUY A WAR BOND OR STAMP, AN AMERICAN SOLDIER SAYS "THANKS"! HOW ABOUT IT, PALS? ARE YOU BACKING UP OUR FIGHTERS?
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, AMERICA'S ACE, HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU!

THE CAVE

CHARLES SAMUELS

SHORTY the new kid from the city hadn't been in the suburban school a week when he heard about the cave where some of the fellows in his class hung out. But because none of them had been friendly it was at a distance that he followed them that afternoon across the fields.

It proved true about the cave. His heart beat like mad when he saw the boys disappear one by one through a hole under some overhanging rocks at the base of a little hill.

But when Shorty tried to join them, Hank Walton, the biggest of the boys, blocked his way. "Go way, you midget, or we'll step on you."

"But I only want to see what's inside," pleaded Shorty. Nobody on the city's West Side where he came from had held it against him that at eleven he was no bigger than a boy of nine.

"To do that," sneered Hank, "you have to belong to our secret society. And you can't get in unless you lick one of us. We'll stack Willie Evans against you, if you want—he's the smallest of us."

All the boys were piling out of the cave now. Willie Evans, small though he was, was much broader and taller than Shorty.

"Okay!" said Shorty bitterly. "I'll fight him."

Their fists hadn't been up a minute before Shorty realized he'd made a bad mistake. Not only did Willie have the advantage of reach over him, but it must be true what he'd heard about him taking boxing lessons the way he kept jabbing Shorty's head off with his left and danced away from Shorty's bull like charges.

As the blows fell, Shorty could hear the others.

"Slap down the little boze!"

"Send him home crying to his mama!"

"Give him the ol' one two, Willie!"

Shorty reflected bitterly that the boys on the West Side weren't like that. They were always for the under-dog, the smaller guy in a fight. As the cruel jabs cut his face and made his nose bleed, a great rage filled him.

He lifted his right from the floor. That was what the grinning, dancing Willie had been waiting for. Willie crossed with his right to Shorty's chin and the little boy fell forward on his face, dazed, bewildered.

Dead game, Shorty didn't wait to rest, got up, determined to be knocked out completely before he quit. But Hank Walton stepped in between him and Willie.

"Kid's had enough," he said to Shorty, a great but carefully concealed relief. "You're a game little punk," he told Shorty.

"So now can I go in the cave?" asked Shorty through puffed-up lips. "Am I in the gang?"

That's the way it had been in the old neighborhood. Once you proved you were game and could take punishment without crying, you were accepted as "regular." The bigger fellows left you alone, didn't pick on you.

BUT HANK shook his head. "We don't want any midgets in our secret society," he said. "Play with kids your own size!"

As he sadly picked up his coat and rolled down his sleeves, Shorty had to bite his lips to keep from crying. Why, he'd taken the beating for nothing! And how his mother would holler at him for getting into a fight!

"We moved out here," she'd say, "so you'd have nice children to play with. And the first week—well, look at you!"

Shorty was glad when it rained the next two days. Hank and the other members of the secret society had shown no inclination to be friendly at school.

The rain which came down in buckets gave him a chance to stay in the house where no one could see his swelled lips or the black-and-blue marks on his face. But he couldn't read or play. All he could think of was that wonderful cave and what fun it would be to sit in it with the others in the dark, with candles casting grim shadows all around you, and maybe looking at maps you'd drawn that no one outside of the gang knew about.

The third day the sun shone bright. At school recess Shorty overheard Hank telling his gang that it was still too wet to go near the cave. Shorty decided this was his chance, he'd go there all by himself.

AFTER SCHOOL, he went home, got a candle from the cellar and started across the fields. On the way he saw Hank, Willie and the others. They seemed to be looking for something, were spread out all over the fields.

"Hey, you! Shorty!"

Shorty stopped guiltily wondered if the candle in his pocket showed. "You haven't seen a little blonde girl of three anywhere, have you? She's my sister."

Shorty shook his head.

"Well, she's lost. In case you see her, bring her to my house, will you?"

Shorty nodded, eager to get away. But when he reached the cave, Shorty could have cried. A big rock, loosened by the storm, had fallen in front of the entrance, blocking it. The hole that was left was too small for him to get through. With all his strength he tugged at the enormous rock. But in vain. He couldn't budge it. As he tried to see into the black inter or he heard a child crying.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Jennie Walton," wailed the child in the cave. "I was lost. Now I can't get out. My foot is caught between two stones. Oh mama, mama!"

Shorty cried. "Just a minute, baby! I'll get you out."

He turned and breathlessly ran back to the fields where Hank and the gang were looking for the lost child.

"She's in the cave, fellows!" he cried. "Come on!"

Skeptically the boys followed the racing Shorty to the cave. Hank looked worried as he saw the big rock. All together they tried to move it. But it was too heavy; they couldn't stir it from the muddy ground.

Hank called to Jennie to come out.

"I can't, Hank! And I'm cold and frightened here all alone!" she screamed.

Frantically the boys started digging with their bare hands at the small opening.

"She's a frail kid," said Hank worriedly. "If she's in there too long she'll get pneumonia. Maybe she'll die!"

But the more they dug, the more sodden earth seemed to fall down, blocking the hole.

"The whole thing'll collapse on her if we keep on digging!" cried Hank desperately.

"We can't wait to send for anybody. Gotta keep going!" cried Willie.

Sweating from every pore, their arms aching, they worked against time, and little by little the hole became larger.

"Not big enough for any of us to get through yet!" said Hank.

"It's big enough for me!" declared Shorty.

Hank looked at Shorty's thin stump of a frame appraisingly. "It's dangerous," he said. "Aren't you scared?"

Inside they could hear the wailing of Jennie. She was getting more frightened every minute. "Stuff's falling on me," she kept saying. "And I can't move! Mama! Oh, mama!"

SHORTY RIPPED off his coat and put his arms and head through the hole. Wriggling and worming, he managed to get half way through, but then got stuck. He could feel the fellows pushing his feet. He winced with pain. Little sharp stones in the dirt all around him were ripping his clothes and tearing into his flesh.

Once more the boys pushed and Shorty, putting his hands flat against the rough surface of the inside of the cave, pushed too as hard as he could.

Scrambling to his feet, he was terrified by the dark. It was so black inside that he couldn't see a foot ahead of him. Guided only by the child's wild wailing, he groped around, falling, wishing he'd brought the candle with him.

At last he found her. Felt around until he located the imprisoned little foot. It was the work of only a minute to slip it out of her shoe. Then, stumblingly, he carried her back to the hole. Dirt and small stones showered down on them each time he moved.

"Here she is, Hank!" he called, as he passed the crying child through the hole. Just as he did so, a fresh shower of dirt and stones all but blocked off the entrance.

Shorty felt as though his heart would stop beating. Would they get him out?

"Keep your chin up, pal!" called Hank from the other side. "We'll get you out. One of the gang has gone for a shovel."

Pal! Hank Walton himself had said that. For a moment Shorty forgot the pain of his bruised, slashed body and his fright. Then it all came back. Would they get him out before the cave fell in on him?

Every second of waiting seemed an eternity. Shorty was afraid to move lest more debris tumble on him, smother him. After what seemed a hundred years, the boy came back with the shovel. With wildly beating heart, Shorty listened to them shoveling the dirt away.

"Okay, Shorty, you can make it now!" cried Hank.

Shorty tried to plunge through. But the journey back was even worse than coming in. His whole body seemed to throb and ache as he wriggled and inched forward. But hands, willing hands, seized his and after a terrific struggle pulled him clear. When he got out he was a pitiful figure: his face streaked with dirt, his clothes ruined and torn, his body bleeding in a dozen places.

But nobody laughed. He saw Hank holding the little girl who was still crying. "Am I in the gang now?" he asked eagerly. "Can I hang out in the cave?"

Hank laughed as he pounded him on the back. "Can you? Why, you're head man, Shorty—that is, next to me."

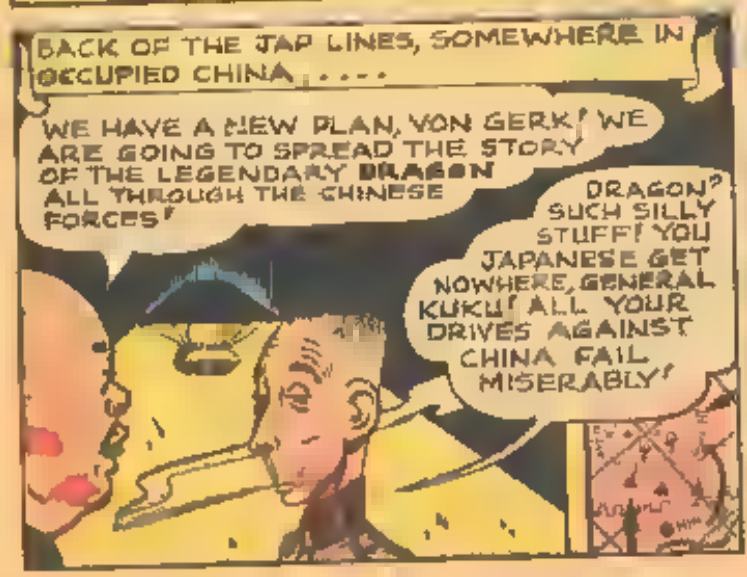
And none of them ever again called him peewee or midget. Shorty was the hero of the school all that year.

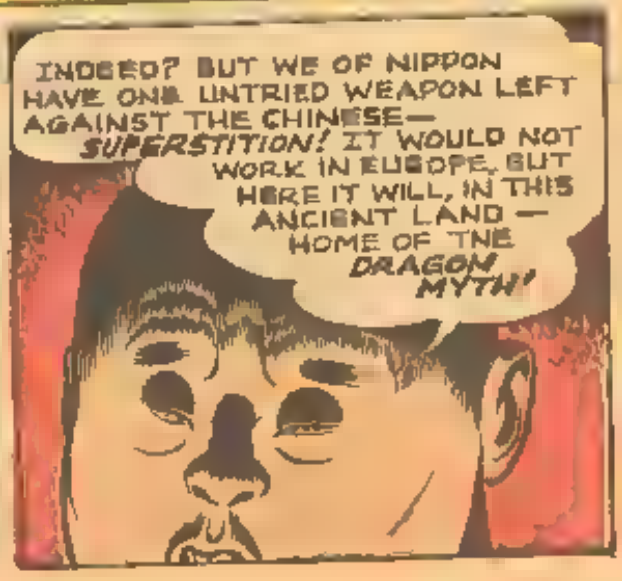
The End

PHANTOM EAGLE

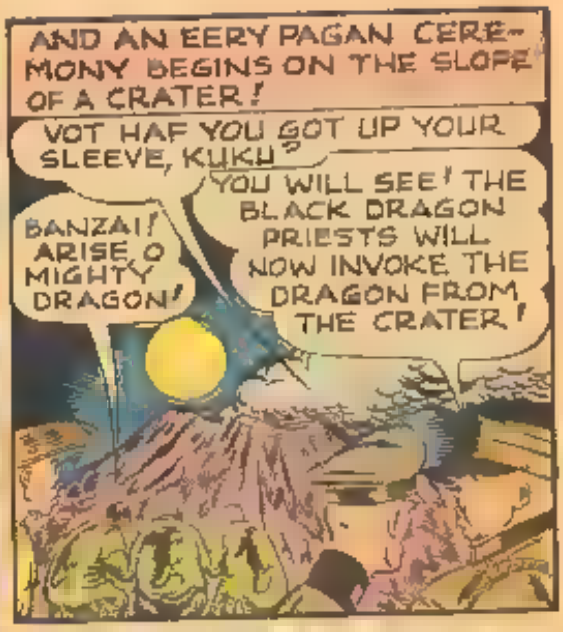
IN ONE OF HIS STIRRING ADVENTURES, PHANTOM EAGLE FOUND THE PHOENIX SQUADRON — LIKE THE LEGEND OF THE PHOENIX BIRD COME TO LIFE! BUT NOW, ANOTHER LEGEND SEEMS TO TAKE LIVING FORM — THE MIGHTY AND FEARSOME DRAGON OF CHINESE FABLE! LIKE THE PREDATORY MONSTER OF THE STORY, IT LAYS WASTE THE LAND, AND SOUNDS THE DOOM OF GALLANT CHINA! BUT THAT'S WHEN PHANTOM EAGLE, THE HUMAN THUNDERBOLT OF THE AIR, AGAIN CHALLENGES FEARFUL ANCIENT POWERS, IN A MODERN SAGA OF BREATH-TAKING THRILLS AND DANGER!

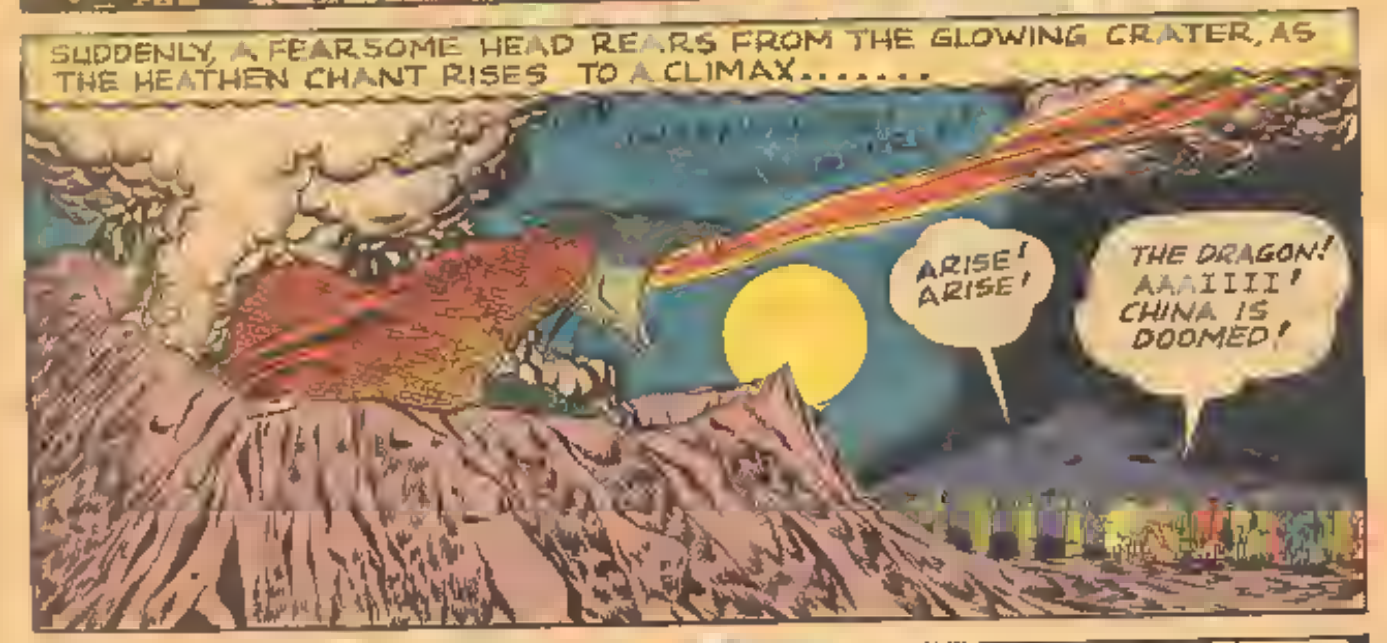
THE PHOENIX SQUADRON ARE A GROUP OF SIX EUROPEAN BOYS, FLYING PHOSPHORESCENT-COATED PLANES, WHO HAVE JOINED WITH PHANTOM EAGLE IN A PLEDGE TO FIGHT THE ENEMY — UNDER-AGE THOUGH THEY ALL ARE!

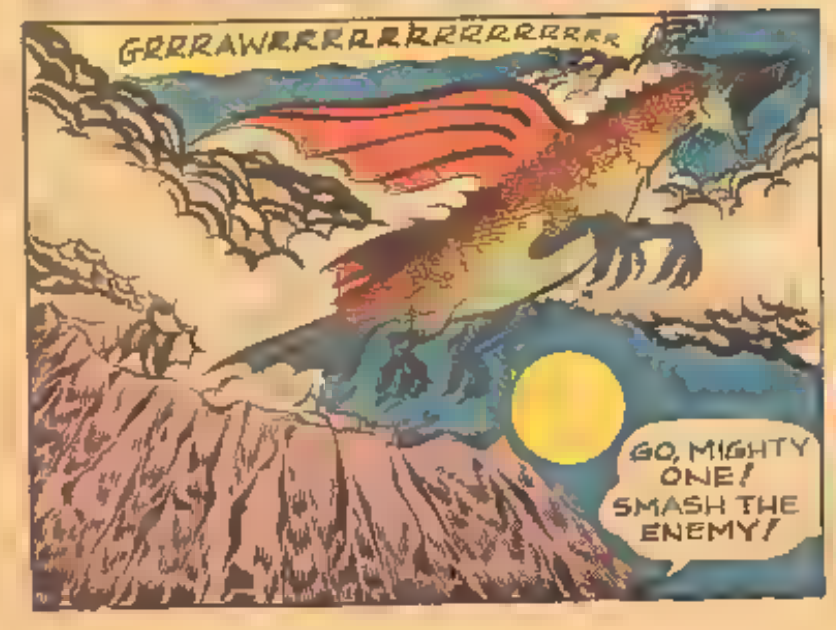




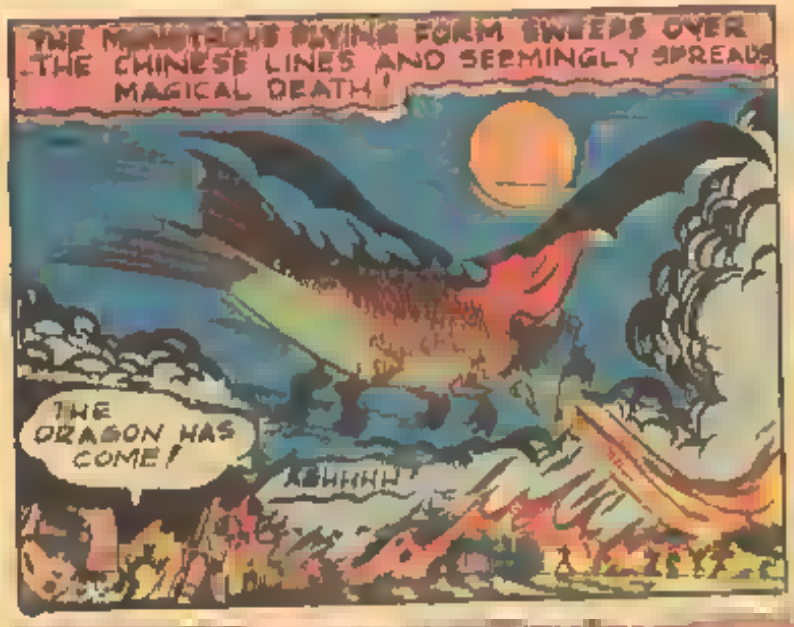
NATIVE CHINESE HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP BY JAP SOLDIERS—WILLINGLY!
HURRY, SWINE! YOU WILL WITNESS RISE OF MIGHTY DRAGON! YOU WILL SPREAD THE NEWS THROUGH DOOMED CHINA!
DRAGON OHHHH!


AND AN EERY PAGAN CEREMONY BEGINS ON THE SLOPE OF A CRATER!
VOT HAF YOU GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE, KUKU?
YOU WILL SEE! THE BLACK DRAGON PRIESTS WILL NOW INVOKE THE DRAGON FROM THE CRATER!
BANZAI! ARISE, O MIGHTY DRAGON!

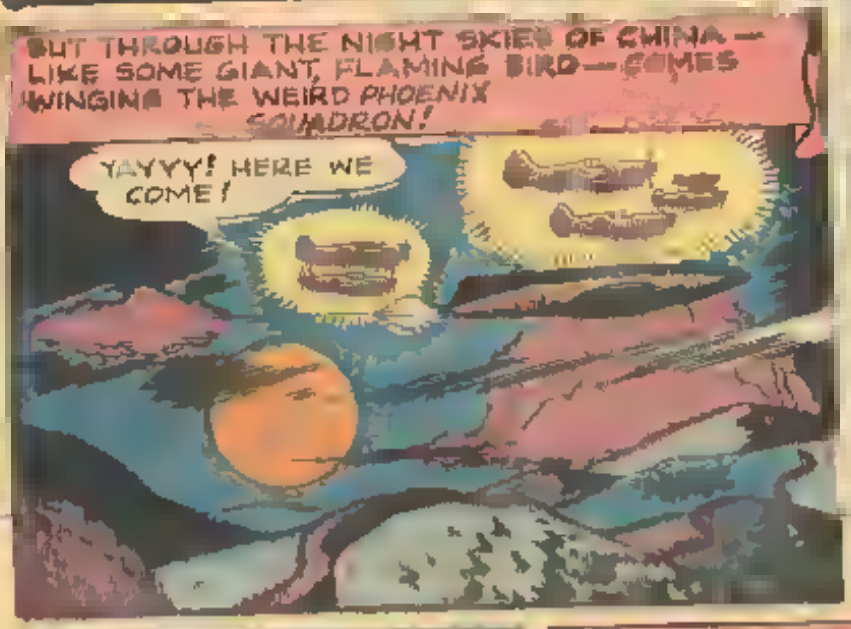

SUDDENLY, A FEARSOME HEAD REARS FROM THE GLOWING CRATER, AS THE HEATHEN CHANT RISES TO A CLIMAX.....
ARISE! ARISE!
THE DRAGON! AAAIIII! CHINA IS DOOMED!

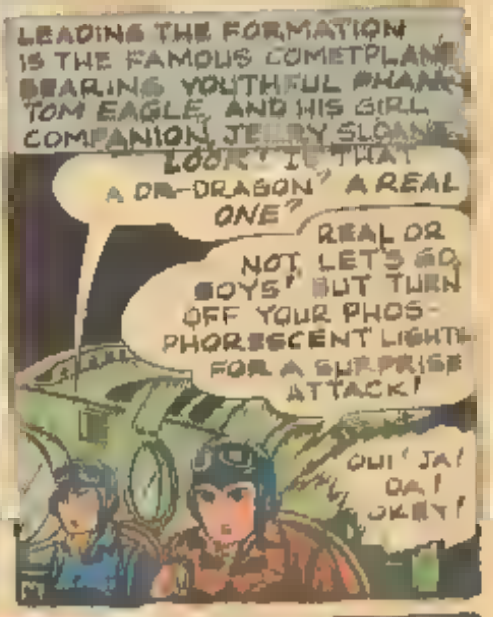

GRRRAWRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
GO, MIGHTY ONE! SMASH THE ENEMY!

VOT DER—? IS DOT REALLY A DRAGON — OR IS IT A—?
SHUT UP, IDIOT! DON'T LET THESE CHINESE PEASANTS SUSPECT WHAT YOU DO! THEY ARE TO SPREAD THE WORD THROUGH ALL CHINA THAT THE FABLED DRAGON WILL CRUSH THEM!

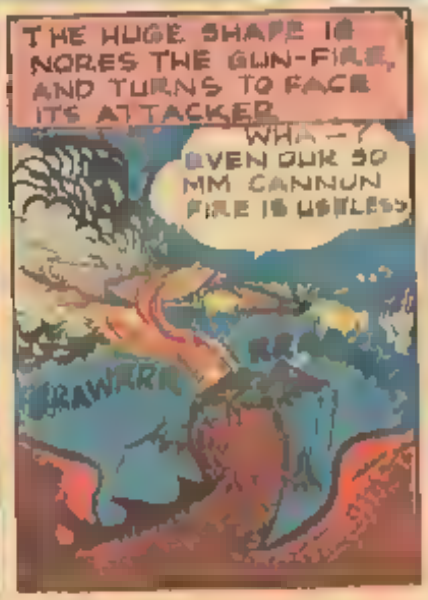

THE MONSTROUS FLYING FORM SWEEPS OVER THE CHINESE LINES AND SEEMINGLY SPREADS MAGICAL DEATH!
THE DRAGON HAS COME!
AGHHHH!

IN UTTER PANIC, THE CHINESE DEFENDERS FLEE.
AAIIII! HOW CAN WE FIGHT THE DRAGON? IT CONSUMES US WITH ITS FIERY BREATH—AGHHH!


BUT THROUGH THE NIGHT SKIES OF CHINA—LIKE SOME GIANT, FLAMING BIRD—COMES WINGING THE WEIRD PHOENIX SQUADRON!
YAYYY! HERE WE COME!

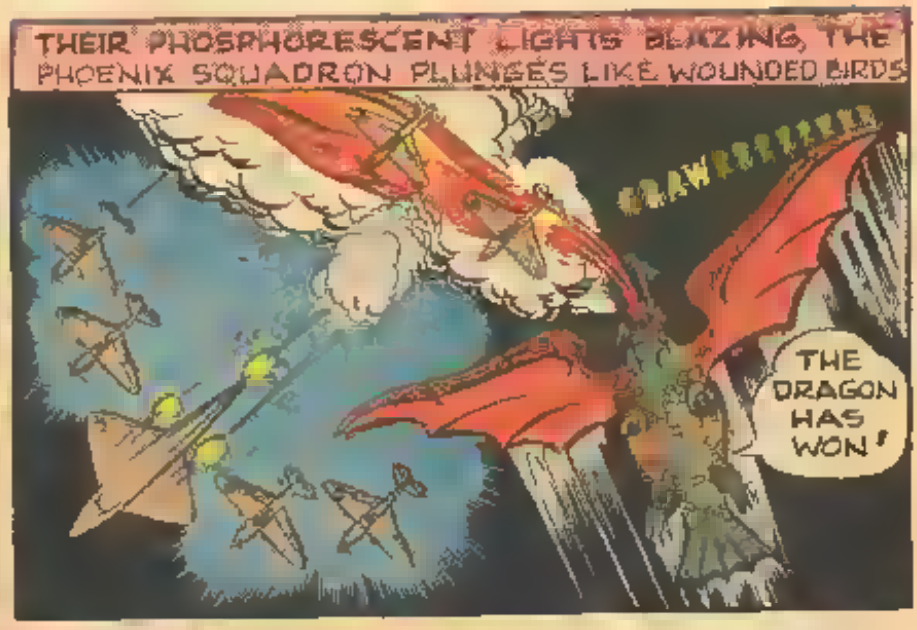

LEADING THE FORMATION IS THE FAMOUS COMETPLANE BEARING YOUTHFUL PHANTOM EAGLE, AND HIS GIRL COMPANION, JERRY SLOANE.
LOOK! IS THAT A DR-DRAGON? A REAL ONE?
REAL OR NOT, LET'S GO, BOYS! BUT TURN OFF YOUR PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHTS FOR A SURPRISE ATTACK!
OUI! JA! DA! OKEY!

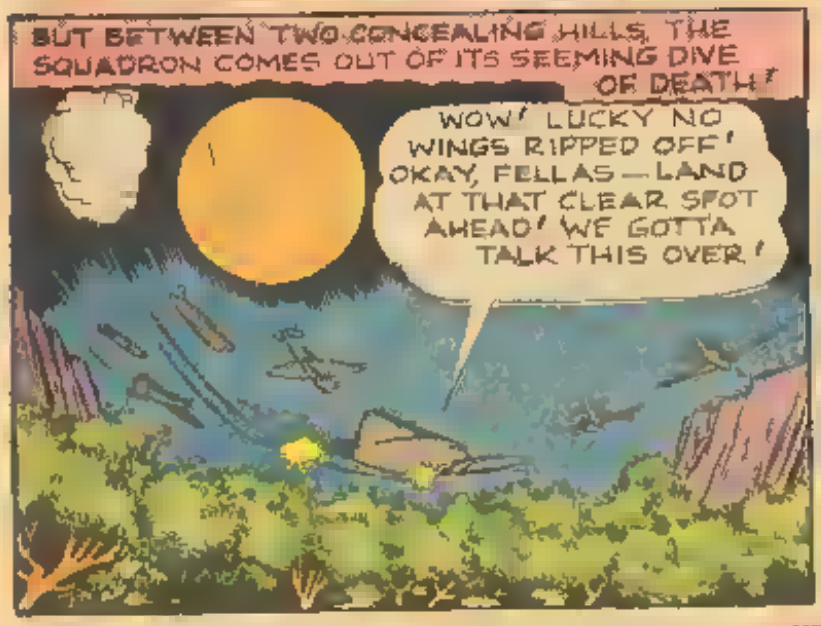
YAYYYY!
?

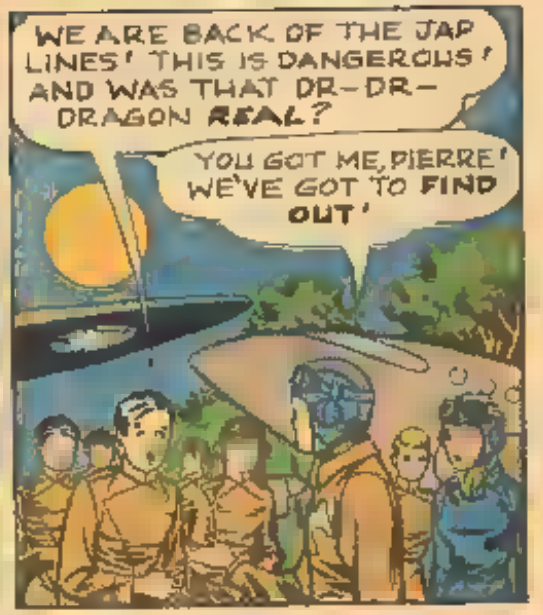

THE HUGE SHAPE IGNORES THE GUN-FIRE, AND TURNS TO FACE ITS ATTACKER.
WHA—? EVEN OUR 50 MM CANNON FIRE IS USELESS!

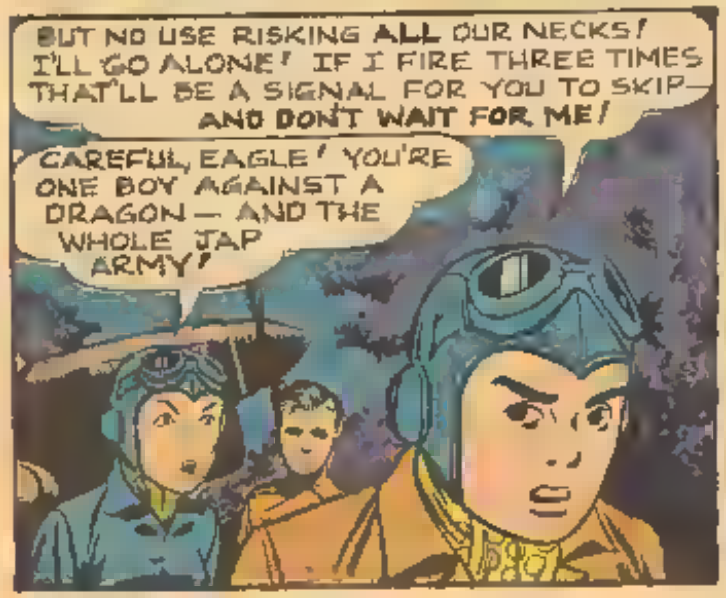
THE FLAMES! WE CAN'T OUTRACE THAT EAGLE—!
YEOW! IN ANOTHER SECOND WE'LL CATCH FIRE! ATTENTION

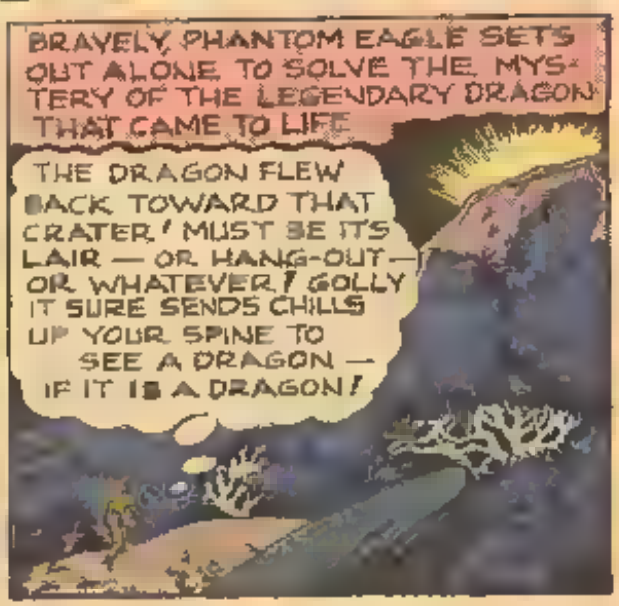
A DESPERATE PLAN FLASHES THROUGH PHANTOM EAGLE'S KEEN MIND.....
TURN ON YOUR LIGHTS, FELLAS—AND DIVE AS IF WRECKED! MAYBE THE DRAGON WILL BE FOOLED!

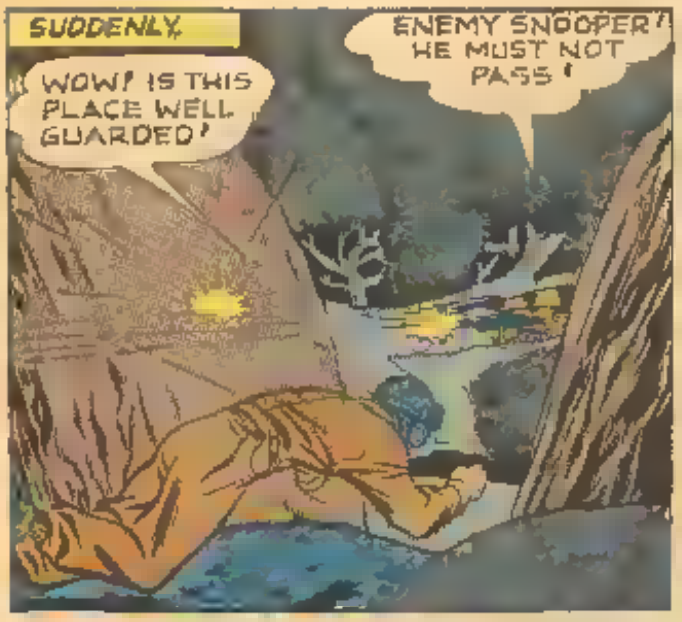

THEIR PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHTS BLAZING, THE PHOENIX SQUADRON PLUNGES LIKE WOUNDED BIRDS
GRAWRRRRRRR
THE DRAGON HAS WON!


BUT BETWEEN TWO CONCEALING HILLS, THE SQUADRON COMES OUT OF ITS SEEMING DIVE OF DEATH!
WOW! LUCKY NO WINGS RIPPED OFF! OKAY, FELLAS—LAND AT THAT CLEAR SPOT AHEAD! WE GOTTA TALK THIS OVER!

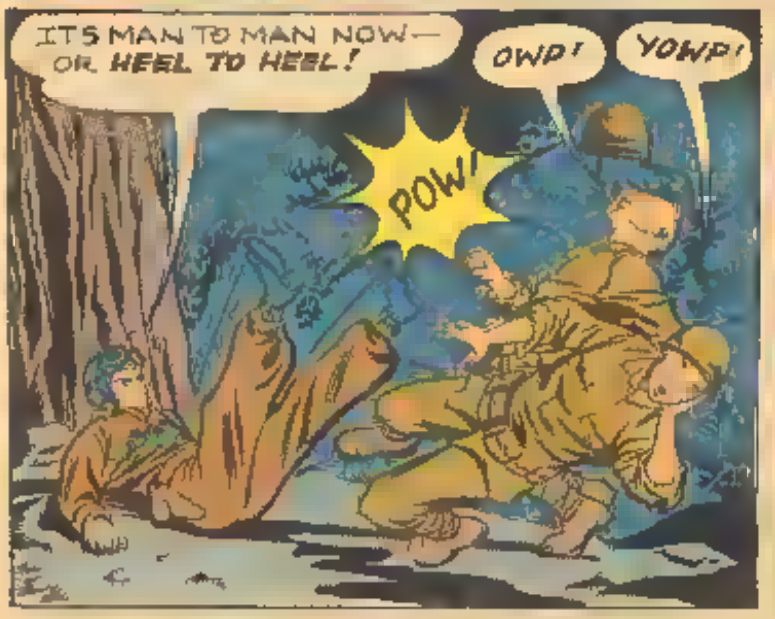

WE ARE BACK OF THE JAP LINES! THIS IS DANGEROUS! AND WAS THAT DR-DR-DRAGON REAL?
YOU GOT ME, PIERRE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

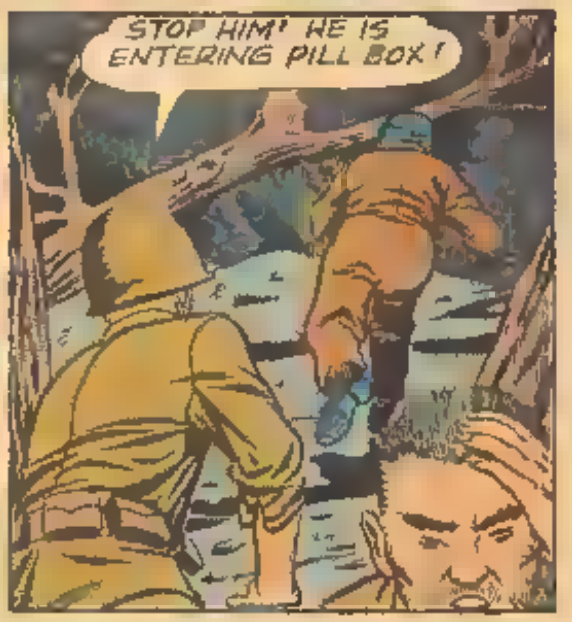

BUT NO USE RISKING ALL OUR NECKS! I'LL GO ALONE! IF I FIRE THREE TIMES THAT'LL BE A SIGNAL FOR YOU TO SKIP—AND DON'T WAIT FOR ME!
CAREFUL, EAGLE! YOU'RE ONE BOY AGAINST A DRAGON—AND THE WHOLE JAP ARMY!

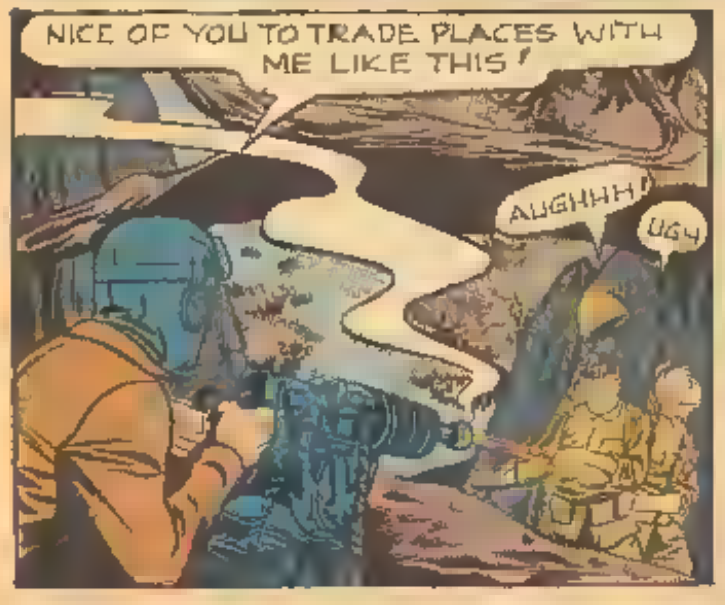

BRAVELY, PHANTOM EAGLE SETS OUT ALONE TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE LEGENDARY DRAGON THAT CAME TO LIFE
THE DRAGON FLEW BACK TOWARD THAT CRATER! MUST BE ITS LAIR—OR HANG-OUT—OR WHATEVER! GOLLY IT SURE SENDS CHILLS UP YOUR SPINE TO SEE A DRAGON—IF IT IS A DRAGON!


SUDDENLY,
WOW! IS THIS PLACE WELL GUARDED!
ENEMY SNOOPER! HE MUST NOT PASS!

THE BURST MISSED ME, LUCKILY! BUT I'LL PLAY POSSUM AND DRAW THOSE MONKEYS OUT!
REMOVE BODY —COME!


IT'S MAN TO MAN NOW— OR HEEL TO HEEL!
OWP!
YOWP!
POW!


STOP HIM! HE IS ENTERING PILL BOX!


NICE OF YOU TO TRADE PLACES WITH ME LIKE THIS!
AUGHHH!
UGH

NOW TO SPY ON THE DRAGON IN HIS LAIR—!

REACHING THE LIP OF THE CRATER, PHANTOM EAGLE PEERS DOWN ON A REVEALING SIGHT. . . . .

I'LL BE—? THAT'S NO DRAGON—IT'S A GIANT PLANE WITH WINGS! THIS CRATER IS OUTFITTED AS A BASE AND A HANGAR FOR IT! WHAT A SCHEMING JAP TRICK!

GENERAL KUKU IS PLEASED AT THE DRAGON-PLANE'S TRIAL FLIGHT!

IS IT NOT CLEVER, VON GERK? IS SIMPLY GIANT PLANE DISGUISED AS DRAGON! THOSE TUBES SHOOT COMMON LIQUID-FIRE FROM ITS MOUTH!

I MUST ADMIT ISS CLEVER! SUPER STITIOUS FEAR WILL WEAKEN THE CHINESE ARMY AFTER A FEW MORE RAIDS BY DER DRAGON-PLANE!

BUT COME! WE WILL HOLD ANOTHER PAGAN CEREMONY FOR THE NATIVES. THE DRAGON-PLANE IS REFUELED FOR ANOTHER RAID!

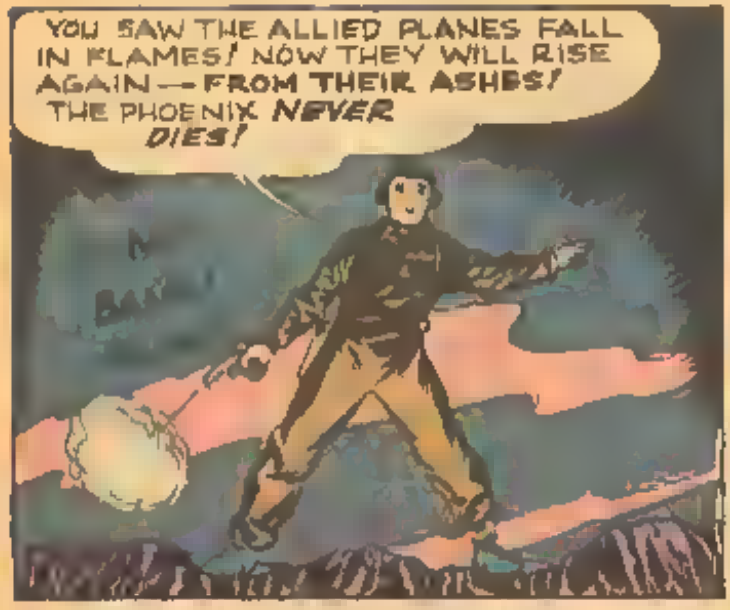
SO THAT'S THE SCORE! THE DRAGON-PLANE IS LAUNCHED WITH A PAGAN CEREMONY—JUST TO GIVE THE CHINESE THE HEEBY-JEEBIES! HMMM—CONFUCIUS SAY *FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!* THAT'S MY CUE!

AGAIN THE SPINE-FREEZING CEREMONY IS BEGUN—BUT SUDDENLY FROM THE CRATER EDGE A VOICE YELLS. . . .

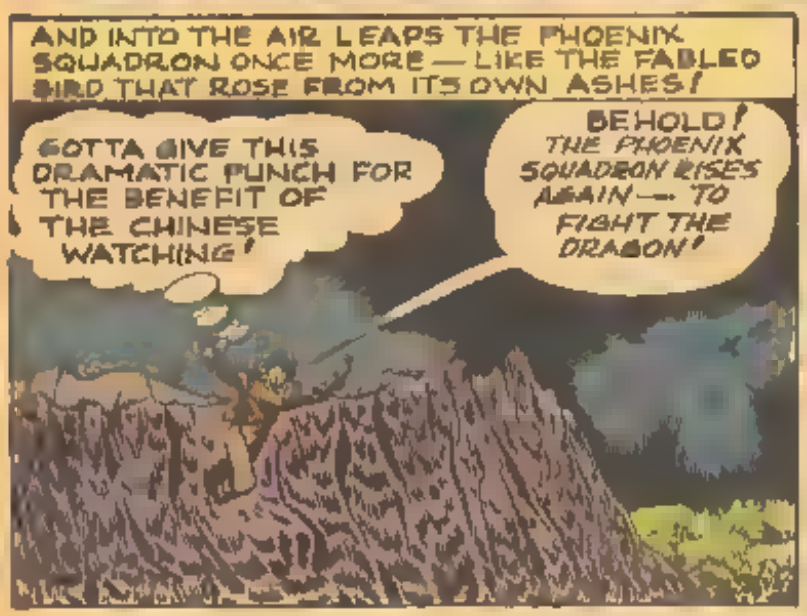
ARISE, O MIGHTY DRAG—!

WAIT! I TOO, WILL CONJURE UP A MIGHTY BIRD—THE PHOENIX BIRD OF OLDEN LEGEND!

HORRORS! IS THAT THE FAMOUS PHANTOM EAGLE—STEALING OUR THUNDER?

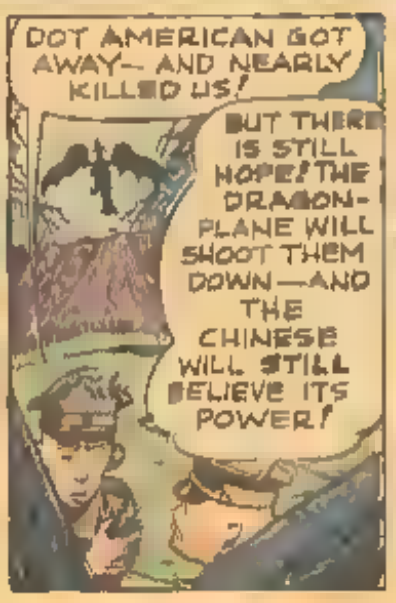

YOU SAW THE ALLIED PLANES FALL IN FLAMES! NOW THEY WILL RISE AGAIN — FROM THEIR ASHES! THE PHOENIX NEVER DIES!

THE SIGNAL—THREE SHOTS! PHANTOM EAGLE TOLD US TO TAKE THE AIR WHEN WE HEARD IT!
BUT I'LL WAIT! OH EAGLE—WILL YOU COME BACK—?

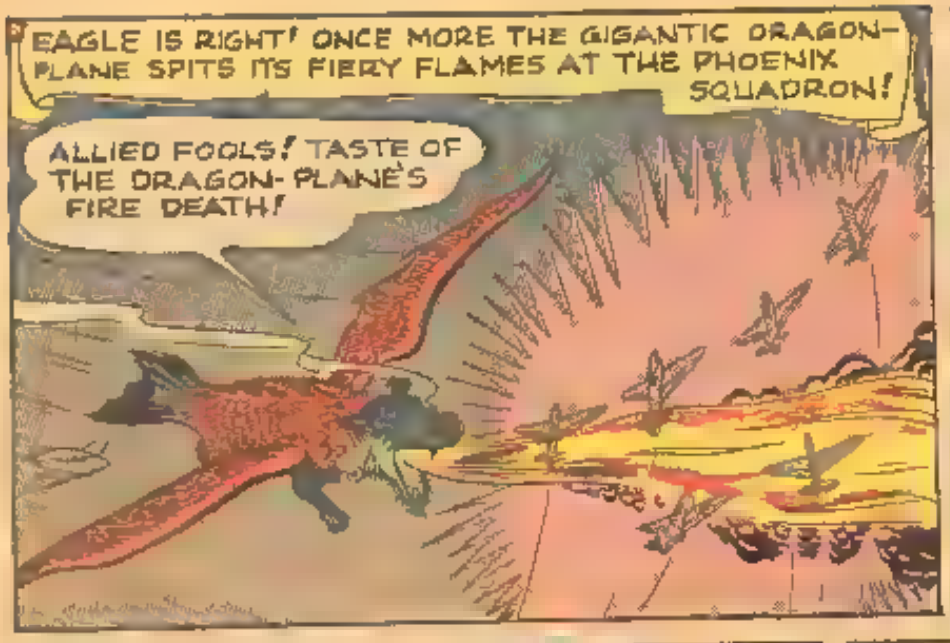

AND INTO THE AIR LEAPS THE PHOENIX SQUADRON ONCE MORE — LIKE THE FABLED BIRD THAT ROSE FROM ITS OWN ASHES!
GOTTA GIVE THIS DRAMATIC PUNCH FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHINESE WATCHING!
BEHOLD! THE PHOENIX SQUADRON RISES AGAIN — TO FIGHT THE DRAGON!

KILL HIM! HE HAS SPOILED OUR WHOLE PLAN!
WHOOPS! I'D BETTER DUCK AND SCOOT! — THERE'S THAT PILL-BOX AGAIN — OH BOY!

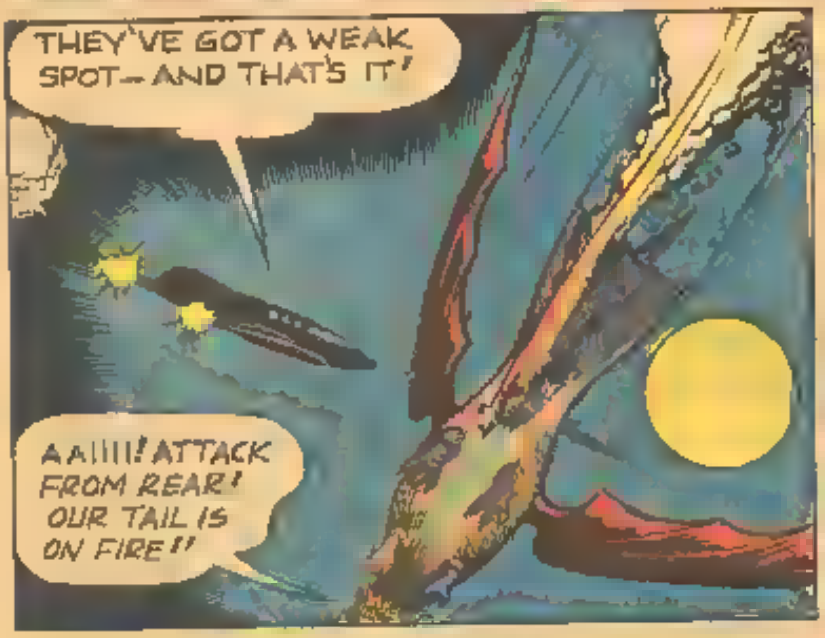
SWINGING THE GUN AROUND...
YOUR ANCESTORS ARE CALLING!

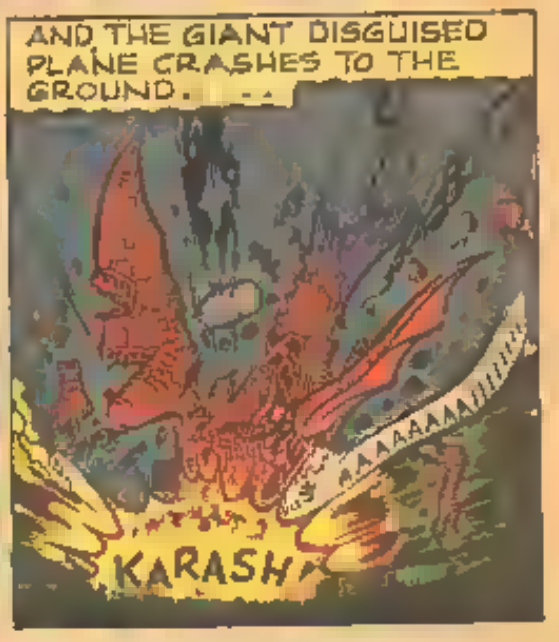

DOT AMERICAN GOT AWAY— AND NEARLY KILLED US!
BUT THERE IS STILL HOPE! THE DRAGON-PLANE WILL SHOOT THEM DOWN—AND THE CHINESE WILL STILL BELIEVE ITS POWER!

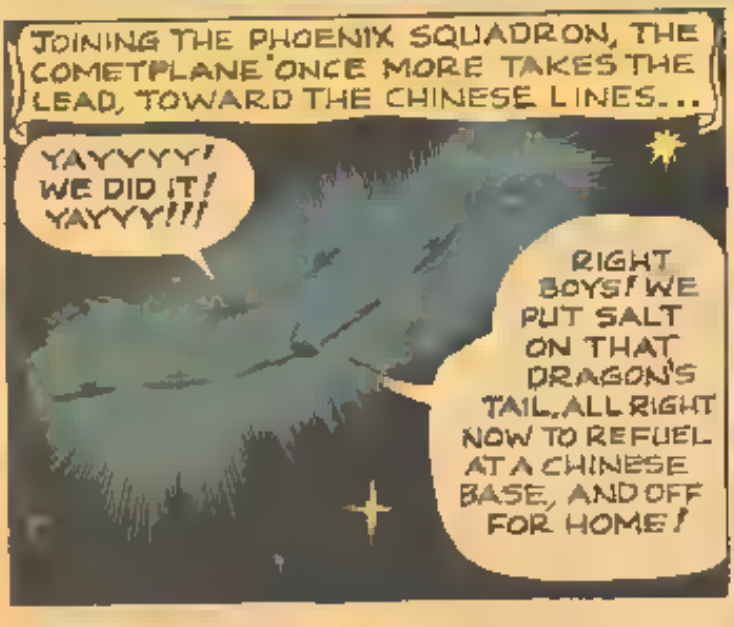
MEANWHILE, PHANTOM EAGLE RUSHES TO THE WAITING COMETPLANE!
EAGLE! THANK HEAVEN! I HAD TO WAIT FOR YOU!
GLAD YOU DID, JERRY! BUT HURRY— WE'VE GOT TO HELP THE BOYS!

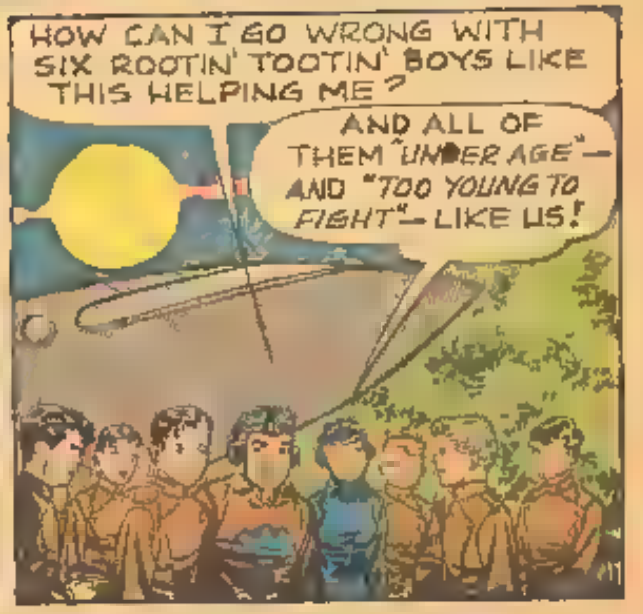

EAGLE IS RIGHT! ONCE MORE THE GIGANTIC DRAGON-PLANE SPITS ITS FIERY FLAMES AT THE PHOENIX SQUADRON!
ALLIED FOOLS! TASTE OF THE DRAGON-PLANE'S FIRE DEATH!

JUST WHAT I WANT! SORRY TO USE THE BOYS AS A DECOY— BUT NOWS MY CHANCE TO COME AT THE BACK OF THE DRAGON-PLANE!
HURRY!


THEY'VE GOT A WEAK SPOT— AND THAT'S IT!
AAIIII! ATTACK FROM REAR! OUR TAIL IS ON FIRE!!


AND THE GIANT DISGUISED PLANE CRASHES TO THE GROUND. . .
AAAAAAAAIIIIIII
KARASH!


JOINING THE PHOENIX SQUADRON, THE COMETPLANE ONCE MORE TAKES THE LEAD, TOWARD THE CHINESE LINES...
YAYYYY! WE DID IT! YAYYY!!!
RIGHT BOYS! WE PUT SALT ON THAT DRAGON'S TAIL. ALL RIGHT NOW TO REFUEL AT A CHINESE BASE, AND OFF FOR HOME!


HOW CAN I GO WRONG WITH SIX ROOTIN' TOOTIN' BOYS LIKE THIS HELPING ME?
AND ALL OF THEM "UNDER AGE"— AND "TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT"— LIKE US!

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Part of Contents

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- How to take care of your skin
- Professional Make-up Tricks
- Secrets of Smart Hair-dressing
- Hints on how to make-up
- Your first should be admired
- Physique, posture, walking, sitting, standing, bend and walk
- Are you all correct?
- What you should weigh
- Tables of Average Weights
- If you are in how to reduce
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- Does you also to exercise?
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- Give Value in Beauty
- How to be a girl everybody approves
- How to be a good conversationalist
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- How to meet people
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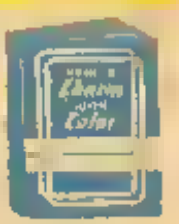

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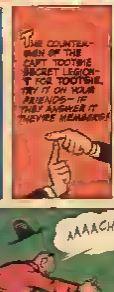

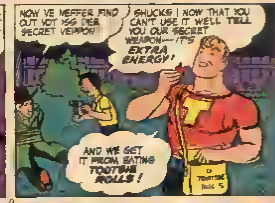

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